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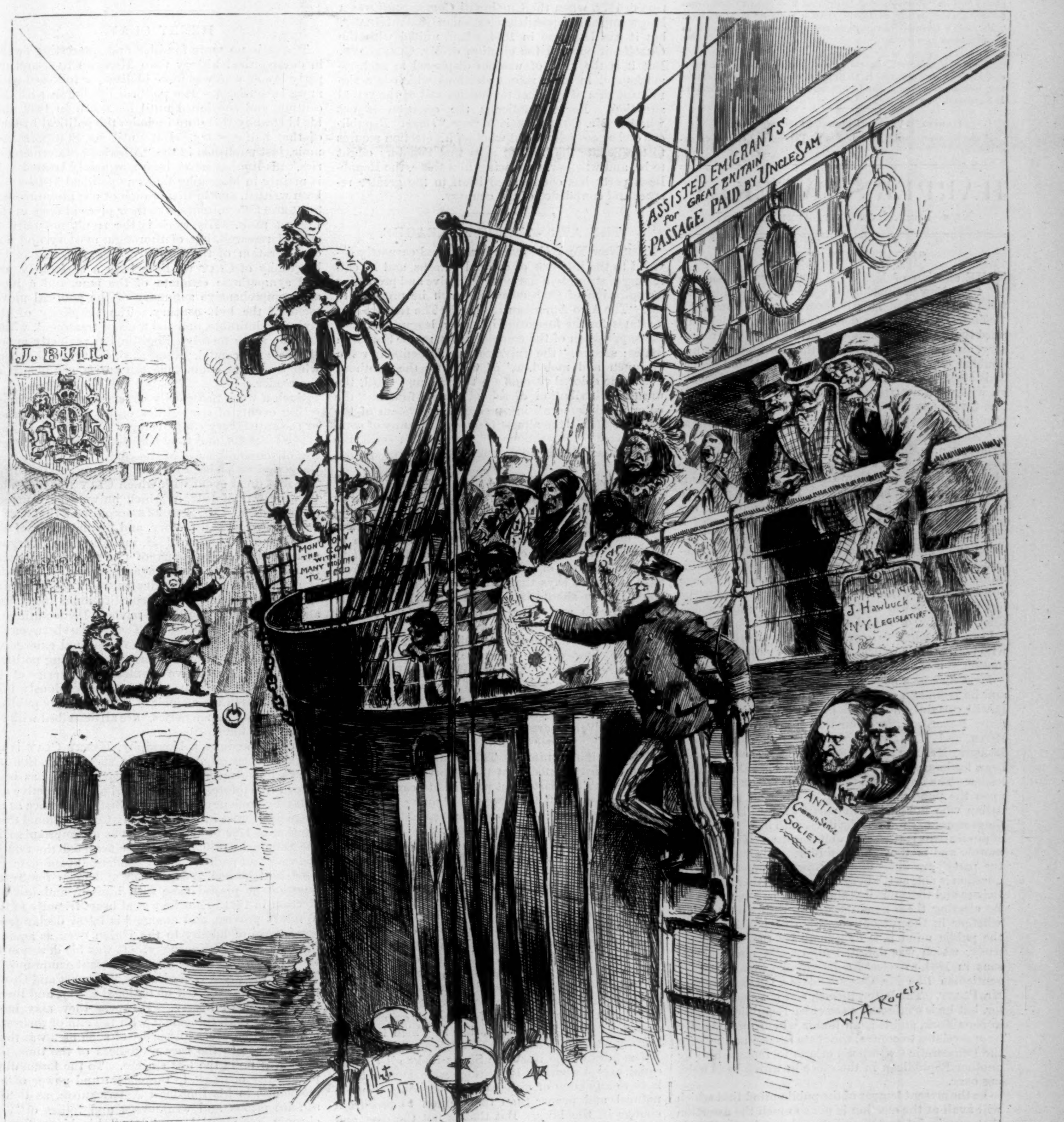

WITH UNCLE SAM'S COMPLIMENTS.

A RETURN QUOTA OF ASSISTED (AND ASSORTED) EMIGRANTS PRESENTED TO JOHN BULL.

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HARPER'S YOUNG PEOPLE,

AN ILLUSTRATED WEEKLY.

In the number issued June 21 is given the first of a series of four articles entitled

BICYCLING IN WILD COUNTRIES,

BY THOMAS STEVENS,

AUTHOR OF "AROUND THE WORLD ON A BICYCLE."

MR. STEVENS *will supplement these articles by another of a practical character, which he calls "A Bicycle Chat with Beginners." In connection with this subject it may be stated that an article will soon appear on "The Tricycle for Girls," written by a lady who has travelled* 8000 *miles on the three-wheeled vehicle.*

The current number also contains an instalment of "The Colonel's Money," by LUCY C. LILLIE, *which is drawing to a close; a short humorous story entitled "Willie's Elephant"; and one of* DAVID KER'S *"Boys Who Became Famous" series.*

JOHN HABBERTON *gives the second instalment of his practical advice to boys on "Buying a Sail-Boat," and* MISS SARAH COOPER *contributes a short article on Horses, from a scientific point of view. "My Lady's Chamber" treats pleasantly of the use of birch bark in the decoration of a room.*

The next number will have a special Fourth of July character, and will include a poem by H. C. BUNNER, *a story by* JOHN HABBERTON, *and an article on "The Old-fashioned Fourth," by* MARGARET E. SANGSTER.

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HARPER'S WEEKLY.

NEW YORK, SATURDAY, JUNE 25, 1887.

SENATOR CHANDLER.

THE election of Mr. W. E. CHANDLER as Senator from New Hampshire is especially significant at the present time. This is shown by the New York *Tribune's* aggressively defensive article, which implied that some explanation or justification was necessary, and by the constant assertion that he is the undoubted choice of the New Hampshire Republicans. This assertion would be of more importance, however, if it were not stated and generally believed that Mr. CHANDLER had long been laboriously engaged in securing his own election. If a man be the choice of his party, that preference will appear without efforts of his own. Moreover, the clearer and the more indisputable is the fact that Mr. CHANDLER is the free Republican choice of New Hampshire, the plainer is the significance of his election. Parties are properly estimated as practical political agencies not by the professions of a Convention or the resolutions of a Legislature, but by the representatives whom they select and by the measures which they adopt. A declaration, for instance, in favor of submitting a prohibition amendment does not avail to catch temperance votes as against the failure to do it when the party has both the power and the opportunity; and a distinct assertion of sound doctrines of administrative reform is useless to command the support of those who really desire reform, when followed by the nomination of a candidate without sympathy for reform.

Mr. CHANDLER has been long prominent in politics, and he is known and estimated by his public career. It will certainly not be claimed that he is a Republican leader in the sense that Senators EDMUNDS, HOAR, and HAWLEY are such leaders, but as Mr. DORSEY, Mr. PLATT, and Senator QUAY are Republican leaders, and as Senator GORMAN is a Democratic leader. The impression that Mr. CHANDLER has made upon the public mind is that of a clever party politician who holds that in party warfare it is sometimes necessary to fight the devil with fire. This kind of public man is perfectly well known. His political morals and methods are familiar. His "services to the party" are understood. Now the practical party question is not, as the *Tribune* says, whether such politicians and their services should not be "recognized" by electing them Senators of the United States, but whether in the present condition of politics and of the public mind it is expedient for the Republican party, which was defeated for certain obvious reasons in 1884, to select for its especial honors in 1887 gentlemen like Mr. QUAY and Mr. CHANDLER and Mr. PLATT. The latter, indeed, was not made a Senator, but he is confessedly the chief Republican leader in New York, and it is an honor which undoubtedly he appreciates to control the State Senate and to defy the Democratic Governor's efforts to replace him by another Republican in the office in which he is holding over.

In the present temper of the public mind that which will avail at the election is not so much the assertion that certain interests are safe only with the Republican party as the perception that the Republican party intrusts itself to a certain leadership. In 1884 the argument that it was madness to expect any good thing from the Democratic party was easily met by the reply that the Republican party had chosen to make the election turn upon candidates; and the event showed that the country was willing to judge by the candidates the probability of the course of an administration. Since the election of 1884 the Republican party as such has done at least no more to justify public confidence than the Democratic party. Intelligent Republicans cannot suppose that public confidence is gained by such a choice of leaders as is shown by the Senatorial elections of the last year. To say that they are quite as good as the Democratic choice may be true, but it is a poor answer in a time of great political independence, when parties must rely upon the character of their representatives and measures. Whatever may be the personal excellence and party orthodoxy and party devotion and party services of Mr. PLATT, for instance, no sagacious observer would say that the Republican party in New York is strengthened by his ascendency in the party. The rule is the same elsewhere. The Cincinnati *Commercial-Gazette* says that Mugwump criticism ought to gratify Mr. CHANDLER, and that Mugwump opposition is the augury of Republican success. That was true in 1872, when the Cincinnati *Commercial* was a Mugwump and opposed the election of General GRANT, but it was less true in 1884, when, united with the *Gazette*, it opposed the election of Mr. CLEVELAND. But it is the kind of wisdom displayed in such remarks and in some recent elections which is a significant sign of political tendencies and of the actual situation. For Republicans the question is not whether Mr. CHANDLER is a very "smart" Republican and a good fellow, but whether his election secures to the Senate the kind of man that Senators ought to be, and whether, by placing him there, the Republican party has commended itself to the greater respect and confidence of the country.

THE AFRO-AMERICAN LEAGUE.

THE New York *Freeman* is a journal earnestly devoted to the interests of colored citizens, and its editor urges strongly a national defensive and protective organization of such citizens, which he proposes to call "The Afro-American League." The reasons that he states for the formation of such a league are, first, the suppression of the colored ballot in the Southern States; second, "the universal and lamentable reign of lynch and mob law," of which in the Southern States the colored citizens are the victims; third, the unequal distribution of school funds; fourth, "the odious and demoralizing penitentiary system of the South"; fifth, "the almost universal tyranny of common carrier corporations in the South"; sixth, the distinction of color in hotels and places of amusement.

The object of the League will be to procure a repeal of all laws which support any of these abuses, and to correct public opinion where that is the basis of the wrong. But all the wrongs alleged are remediable only by the States, unless a State can be shown to authorize the denial or abridgment of the right to vote on account of color. The editor of the *Freeman* therefore says that the stronghold of the proposed League should be in the Southern States, while in the North and West its object must be to correct the public opinion which in those States still disregards the fair claims of colored citizens. This situation, however, he says, is very much worse in the Southern States. The methods of the League are not defined in the statement, but they are plainly implied: "We have controlled a million of votes annually for twenty years, and what have we to show for them? Where are the colored men who have been honored above their fellows by the men we have placed in high position?" This would seem to mean, as we recently stated, that the colored vote is to be thrown with the party that promises to carry out the several purposes of the League. Among those purposes, however, office-holding is not specifically mentioned, but election and appointment to office would be regarded probably as evidence of the change of public opinion which is held to be essential to secure the objects sought. Could this general plan be carried into effect, the result probably would not be what the editor of the *Freeman* anticipates. It would end in the organization of a large body of voters of African descent offering their votes in consideration of benefit to them as a class. Would it not necessarily result, in the Northern States, in the purchase of a few offices, and so stigmatize such voters as a mere mercenary class, whose conduct would necessarily produce immense and perilous corruption? This would neither foster the self-respect of colored citizens nor heighten the estimation in which they are held by white citizens.

The laws of the Northern States make all citizens equal, except women. If injustice were done by those laws to any class of citizens, nothing could be more natural and proper than their union to procure a change in the laws. But that is not the case, and political union to cope with prejudice would be unavailing. In the Southern States, however, a union of colored voters to secure the change of laws which discriminate against colored citizens is the American method of redress. But such voters must distinguish between legal wrongs and wrongs which are due to prejudice and which are not remediable by law. The suppression of the colored vote, wherever it occurs, is now accomplished, not by violence, but by the contrivances of law. The cause of the suppression is twofold—traditional class prejudice, and the instinctive unwillingness of intelligence to submit to the domination of ignorance viciously and corruptly controlled. It is a very grave and difficult problem. But it is one which cannot be solved by national action. It is, indeed, not so bad as slavery. But even slavery was declared by the Republican party to be the concern of the State, not of the nation, and it attempted no direct interference. Meanwhile, however, we suppose that the situation is understood by the colored leaders in the Southern States, who feel that, under the actual circumstances, their policy is watching and waiting. Practically, in the only part of the country where a league is desirable it exists already. It seems to us that the real evil which produces the situation that the League would aim to remedy is not amenable to political treatment, and that such an organization would disappoint its founders.

HENRY CLAY.

THERE is no more familiar and interesting figure in our political history than HENRY CLAY, and no party leader who was more idolized, or followed with more enthusiasm. His political life began with the century and continued until his death in 1852, and his biography therefore includes the political history of that half-century. But until Mr. SCHURZ'S memoir, just published in the "American Statesmen Series," his life has never been adequately treated. It is mainly in biography that our political history has been written, and in that branch of our literature Mr. SCHURZ'S two volumes take their place at once in the highest rank. His work is the result not only of careful research, but of thorough mastery and due consideration of the results of research, and in his biography of CLAY we have both a singularly just and sympathetic estimate of the man, and a lucid and comprehensive summary of the political movement of the half-century. The simplicity of the style is admirable, and the tone of treatment, which is in no sense merely eulogistic, but perfectly appreciative and candid, gives a sincerity to the book which at once commands the entire confidence of the reader.

Such a work necessarily covers most of the interesting events of our politics, except the culmination of the antislavery controversy. CLAY died not long after CALHOUN, and they both took part in the opening of the final period of the conflict before the war, the period which began with the compromises of 1850. The first great event with which CLAY was identified was the war of 1812, in which he was the Congressional leader. Mr. SCHURZ'S account of that war is very clear and satisfactory, and his narrative of the elections of 1824 and of 1828, including the "bargain and corruption" calumny of CLAY'S relations with ADAMS, the rise of JACKSON and the era of Jacksonism, the instinctive hostility between the arbitrary military chieftain and the constitutional statesman, and the organization of the modern Democratic and Whig parties, is admirable. The contrast between the two leaders, JACKSON and CLAY, the final emergence of the antislavery question as the absorbing political issue, and the distinctive character and service of the moral abolition agitation, which are curiously misapprehended in the memoir of BENTON, lately published in the "Statesmen Series," are all described with accuracy and force.

But, as becomes a biography, HENRY CLAY is always the central figure of the story. Mr. SCHURZ shows, however, much more clearly than has been shown heretofore, CLAY'S natural and instinctive antislavery tendency. From his first appearance as an emancipationist in the Kentucky Constitutional Convention of 1799 to his last effort as a compromiser in the Senate in 1850, CLAY never accepted the Southern view and policy. As a Presidential candidate, indeed, he trimmed and recoiled, and upon the Texas question he played false with himself, and lost his election in 1844. But he was at heart friendly to the WILMOT proviso, and among his latest declarations were those of fidelity to the Union even as against his own State of Kentucky. It was his devotion to the Union which made him an incessant compromiser. To both the great Whig leaders, WEBSTER and CLAY, the Union was the ark of national safety, and therefore of human liberty. However they may have found that faith coincident with the aim of their ambition, and however unworthy of such men was their subservience to the base prejudices of the time, the faith was none the less sincere. To the fascinating personality of CLAY, to the charm and power of his eloquence, to his thorough Americanism, as to the self-deceptions and weaknesses and follies of "the chronic Presidential candidate," his biographer is fully just. Not less does he show that much of CLAY'S policy was a huge mistake, that his measures were often happily defeated, and that in his bank controversy with JACKSON and TYLER his failure was not a public misfortune. The reasons for such conclusions are briefly but adequately stated, and the whole story is told so judicially, yet so truthfully, that CLAY as a man, and his peculiar eminence in our history, will be more justly appreciated than ever before.

THE BATTLE FLAGS.

THE President's order for the return of the flags captured in the civil war was unwise, and in obedience to a general protest it was promptly revoked. The purpose of the President, however, was patriotic and praiseworthy, because his object was the complete removal, not of the memories nor the results of the war, but of the little signs and relics of the terrible conflict that merely prolong an irritation of feeling which every generous American would gladly allay. Neither the grandeur of the national cause nor the glorious heroism and devotion of the national soldiers requires that kind of memorial.

It is not necessary to the inspiration of the loftiest patriotism nor to the most vivid and enduring consciousness of the great result which the war achieved that the trophies of a particular victory on the field of a New York regiment over a Mississippi regiment should become part of the national archives. Such stories will live in the tradition of regiments and of their immediate friends, but such incidents are not proper subjects of commemoration by the national government. It is hardly to be supposed that such memorials in the flags will be permanently preserved, but public opinion certainly will not approve their return, and they ought not to be returned, but they should be destroyed. When, however, they are destroyed, it will be no proof that patriotism, or love of the Union, or grateful recollection of the soldiers of the Union, has declined, but only of the fact that a truly reunited people devoted to a common progress, and to the constant and wise enlargement of liberty, and to the advancement of the great results of the war, does not desire to preserve the transitory trophies of its battles.

Of course a great deal of the violence of comment upon the incident and of condemnation of the President's unwise order is intended merely for political effect, and to raise a telling cry against him. It will undoubtedly have some effect of this kind. But is it not time for self-respecting veterans of the war to restrain the attempt to use the memories of the war and gratitude for the veterans merely for political purposes? The overthrow of the beneficent reformed civil service is sought in their name, and the effort is evident to use them as the cloak for legislation which the bravest and wisest of the veterans must deplore. This is a tendency which can be most effectively rebuked by the veterans themselves.

THE MUGWUMPS.

THE party wrath with Mugwumps is exceedingly amusing, and equally unreasonable. The Democratic Louisville *Courier-Journal* in sneering at them forgets itself into sheer blackguardism. The Republican Cincinnati *Commercial-Gazette* may be said to sputter in the same uncontrollable spasm of detestation. Tray, Blanche, and Sweetheart of the lesser party press join in the cry, and as a comical culmination of the uproar General CATLIN, of Brooklyn, who has just gone over from the Republican to the Democratic party, and who received the right hand of fellowship from "Boss" MCLAUGHLIN, as the Pope might receive a distinguished convert, said, in his reported speech of recantation of the Republican faith, that while perfectly friendly with the Republican rank and file, "he had, however, a most pronounced detestation of the Mugwump element, or close corporation of saints in that party. They were hypocrites and Pharisees, and he detested them as he did any other reptiles." These misguided reptiles, as the gallant general does not forget to remember, kept him out of the Mayoralty of Brooklyn.

This faith in vituperation as a powerful political weapon is very touching. But who are these hypocrites and Pharisees whom it is necessary to trample under the most tremendous epithets in the language? The New York *Sun* proclaims from day to day that they are contemptibly unimportant. A Republican newspaper at the West concedes that they may be readmitted to the Republican party, but they must sit upon the extreme back seats and not open their lips. Their lot promises to be unhappier than that of the policeman in the opera, or of the hapless Laertes:

> "But when young Laertes
> Was run through the body,
> 'Tis sad!' cried Paul Pry,
> And he wept like a noddy."

The dreadful Mugwumps, then, are American citizens of average intelligence who have no personal aims in politics, who are not soliciting nominations to office, and who do not vote for candidates for office without regard to their personal character and their fitness for public trusts. There were enough of them in 1884 to determine the Presidential election. There are very many more of them now than there were then, and if they would only promise to vote for any candidate whom the Republican or the Democratic party may nominate next year, half of the storm of abuse would subside at once. Their Phariseeism consists in the demand for honesty in politics and in public men. They are certainly not hypocrites, for they say frankly and fully just what they mean, and act accordingly. In General CATLIN's opinion they are reptiles. But the general doubtless reflects with dismay that chameleons also are reptiles. The storm probably will continue to blow. But whatever its fury, it will certainly not blow the Mugwumps away from their determination to vote in 1888 for the candidate who, upon the whole, promises by his character, his views, and his career to give the country the best administration.

MR. GRIFFIN AND THE REPUBLICAN PARTY.

MR. ALBERT GRIFFIN, Chairman of the Anti-Saloon Republican National Committee, writes us as follows:

"In your comments on the Cooper Institute Anti-Saloon Republican meeting you say of me, 'He showed plainly....that he doubted whether the Republican party would become an anti-saloon party in a sense to satisfy him and his friends.' I do not see how such a construction could be placed on my remarks, a correct copy of which I enclose. Fifteen months ago the prospect was gloomy enough to exhilarate the most confirmed pessimists, but knowing, as I do, much that is going on behind the scenes, as well as what appears on the surface, instead of believing the failure of the movement probable, I do not now consider it even possible. A party which contains so large a proportion as the Republican party does of the educated, moral, and religious elements is as certain to move toward the humanities as a mighty river is to flow toward the sea. In both cases progress may sometimes be slow, or even temporarily reversed, but irresistible tendencies will ultimately prevail....During the past few months the Republican legislators of Minnesota, Pennsylvania, New York, and other States have lifted the dragging anchors. Doubtless some of them had no such intention, but the deed has been done, and cannot be undone. For weal or woe, the Republican ship must 'shoot the rapids.' Will she go through safely? I hope and believe she will, but only the Almighty knows. If her officers and crew become demoralized, steer for shoals, and grapple every passing rock, she will soon be a battered hulk; but if, coolly accepting the inevitable, they unload all worthless freight, and keep in the deepest and swiftest waters, she will enter the port below unharmed."

We supposed that Mr. GRIFFIN doubted because, as he now says, he is not sure. He said in his speech:

"I know enough of the views and feelings of the enemies of the saloon throughout this country to say unhesitatingly that nothing short of a determination to fight this institution to the death will hold the temperance element in the party through another campaign, and that such a decision, followed by honest and persistent efforts, will draw to our ranks many more than will desert because of it."

If the Republican party does not adopt a positive and radical anti-saloon policy before next year, Mr. GRIFFIN says that it will not hold temperance Republicans. As that is not to be reasonably expected, our remark seems to us to have been fully justified.

It is a fact worthy of attention that while the Massachusetts and New York Republican Legislatures have refused to submit a prohibitory amendment to the people, despite the Republican promise to do so, the Democratic Legislatures of Tennessee and Texas have enacted laws that are almost prohibitory. Mr. GRIFFIN, however, must not misunderstand us. "The temperance element" in the Northern States is undoubtedly to be found largely in the Republican party. But as yet we see no such sign as gladdens Mr. GRIFFIN's eyes that the party is likely to become, in what we supposed to be his sense, a temperance party. But the Republican party was not formed to be a temperance party, and when we state the fact in regard to temperance, we do not quarrel with it nor attack the party.

MR. REINHART'S PICTURE, "A WAIF OF THE SEA."

ALL the countrymen of an eminent artist are interested in his success and fame, but the readers of HARPER'S WEEKLY and MAGAZINE are especially familiar with the work of CHARLES S. REINHART, because his felicitous fancy and skill have contributed so much to the attraction of those publications. For some time Mr. REINHART has lived in Paris, and the time devoted to his delightful illustrations in books and magazines, which is one of the characteristic forms of contemporary art, has not interfered with his larger pictorial work in color. His success in such work is signally attested by the distinction acquired by his picture in the present exhibition, the Salon, in Paris, which is the scene of the annual friendly contest of the chief Continental artists.

Three or four years ago Mr. REINHART passed the summer in a little village on the coast of Normandy, and one of the striking results of his observation and industry was a drawing of a body washed ashore after a storm. The promise and possibility of the work when published in the WEEKLY were at once recognized, and the artist recently painted it on a canvas of seven by ten feet. The picture exhibited in the Salon has attracted general attention and very high praise, and undoubtedly, except for influences and circumstances not wholly unknown even in the circles of art, would have won for the painter a medal as well as the honorable mention which it has received.

The composition is very simple. The waif of the sea is stretched upon the sand; a comrade kneels by its side; a gendarme takes note of the facts, and, as one of the French notices says, he is the very incarnation of gendarmerie; another comrade is telling the story, and, a little removed, stands a group of curious and anxious women. The cliffs and the ocean supply the distance and the landscape. The plainest outline suggests the pathos, the quiet power, and the dignity of the picture, and the impression which it has produced is very genuine and universal. In the autumn we understand that the picture will have the place of honor in the Chicago exhibition, and we trust that it will be seen also in New York.

FANEUIL HALL AND THE QUEEN'S JUBILEE.

THE celebration of the Queen's jubilee in New York and elsewhere falls at a fortunate moment, for at a time when England gets "more kicks than coppers" in public speeches and letters in this country it recalls Americans to the truth that the great and distinctive impulse of American civilization was English, and that the great defences and safeguards of American liberty were derived from England. The protest of some Irish-born citizens in Boston against the use of Faneuil Hall for the English banquet in commemoration of the jubilee was one of the most grotesque of recent incidents.

Faneuil Hall is the cradle of liberty. But the liberty that was rocked there was English liberty—the tradition of Magna Charta, of JOHN MILTON and JOHN PYM. It was the temple of English colonists who defended English principles against English tyranny. It was the cradle of a new England, and if there be any place upon the Western continent where old Englishmen and new Englishmen can properly celebrate the chief tradition of their common fatherland, it is Faneuil Hall.

The servility of American politicians to the Irish vote is already conspicuous and discreditable enough. But acquiescence in an Irish protest against the occupation of Faneuil Hall for the purpose of this jubilee celebration, when Faneuil Hall is used without complaint for meetings of Irishmen for Irish purposes, and to promote American influence and interference in British politics, would be proof of a subservience too absurd for belief. If Irishmen in America wish to go to Faneuil Hall to claim for their native country the liberty which they declare to be withheld from it, they are not denied. If Englishmen wish to assemble there to celebrate the reign of a Queen during which more has been done for the relief of Ireland than ever before, although much may yet remain to do, they certainly will not be denied, unless the Boston of SAM ADAMS is a very different Boston from the town he knew.

PERSONAL.

POSTMASTER HENRY G. PEARSON has made no plans for a vacation this year. He took an outing of ten days last summer—his first absence from duty at the Post-office in eight years. His administration has become systematized, like the works of a watch, and one secret of its success is the hope of promotion that animates the souls of so many of his subordinates. No vacancy now occurs that is not at once filled by promotion; no outsider can get into the Post-office unless as an employé in the lowest grade. He must begin as a letter-carrier, a porter, or a clerk, at a salary of not more than $600 a year.

—The only member of the late Mr. GREELEY's immediate family now living is his daughter, Miss GABRIELLE M. GREELEY, who four years ago bought her father's house and farm of eighty-two acres at Chappaqua for $10,000, and now resides there in company with Mrs. CHAMBERLAIN and Miss CHAMBERLAIN, the widow and daughter of the late Mr. CHAMBERLAIN, of the *Herald*. The three children of Miss GREELEY's dead sister, Mrs. NICHOLAS SMITH, are living at Shelbyville, Kentucky. Miss GREELEY's house looks very much as it did during her father's lifetime. It is not the old homestead, which was burned down, but the new home, which was built by him a short time before his death. Among its few works of art are the original of the "Chocolate Girl," well known by reproductions almost everywhere, which Mr. GREELEY bought in Europe, and a medallion head by CANOVA. The "Chocolate Girl" was a great favorite with Mr. GREELEY, but he cared very little for works of art in general.

—Mr. GEORGE JONES, of the *Times*, will spend the summer at the Hotel Kaaterskill in the Catskills. His recent trip to California was undertaken for the benefit of his daughter's health.

—The newly elected Senator PADDOCK, of Nebraska, is well known in Washington, having already served a term of six years there. He is much interested in the prosperity of the thriving town of Beatrice in that State, and is about to complete an opera-house for it at a cost of $125,000. He owns a great deal of real estate in Omaha, which during the last few years has become so valuable as to make him a millionaire. The Senator is a genial man, with troops of friends.

—"The thing which most represented the personal character of the late Mr. SINCLAIR TOUSEY," said one of his associates in the management of the American News Company, on the morning after his death, "was the interest he took in the welfare of discharged prisoners. The State sends these men off, after they have served their terms of imprisonment, and lets them shift for themselves, usually in poverty and contempt; and very many of them are driven again into crime by the sheer necessities of their situation. But for twenty years Mr. TOUSEY was in the habit of taking such men by the hand, and starting them on the road to respectability and self-respect. He saved hundreds of these unfortunates, and made good citizens of them. Even during their stay in jail he insisted that a prisoner was a man, and should be treated as such; he personally examined into the management of prison discipline, and labored to reform its abuses; and he did all this out of pure philanthropy. There was no money in it for him; nothing but the ill-will of wardens and keepers with whose prerogatives he interfered. He will long be remembered for his sympathetic, intelligent, and self-denying efforts in behalf of the friendless prisoner."

—GRANT, SHERMAN, and SHERIDAN have frequently been the guests of Mr. GEORGE W. CHILDS, and their relations with him have been intimate for years. Mr. CHILDS has already presented to the Academy at West Point an oil portrait of GRANT, and now he has arranged to place at the right of that picture a portrait of SHERMAN, and at the left a portrait of SHERIDAN. General SHERMAN himself said recently to Mr. CHILDS: "I want the portraits of SHERIDAN and myself to hang on each side of GRANT in the cadet mess hall. Neither of us can afford the expense of doing this, and there is no living man whom I would rather have perform this service than you, and to no other man would I say this in connection with the matter." Mr. CHILDS has asked the two generals to select the artists most agreeable to them, but in size and style the portraits will resemble that of GRANT.

—On June 4 the survivors of the Argonauts who sailed around Cape Horn to California in the steam-ship *Panama* celebrated at San Francisco the thirty-eighth anniversary of the voyage. The vessel was commanded by DAVID D. PORTER, now Admiral, and among the passengers were "Duke" GWIN (who later tried to get control of Sonora), SAM WARD, HULL MCALLISTER, General JOE HOOKER, Lieutenant DERBY (better known as the author of *The Squibob Papers*), and Mrs. JESSIE BENTON FREMONT.

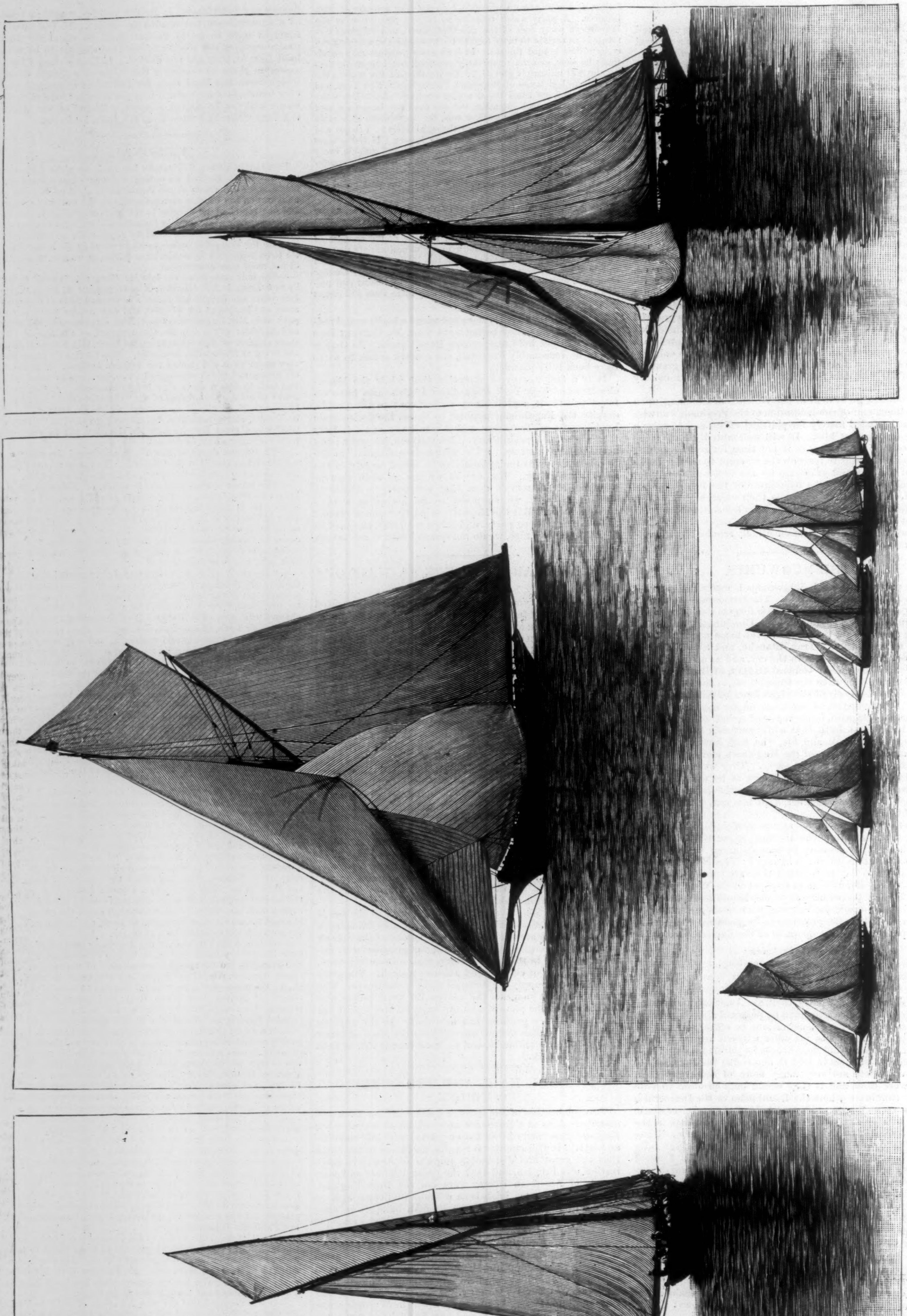
—At a recent club dinner in Boston the Hon. GEORGE B. LORING gave some interesting reminiscences of the Town and Country Club, of which he was a member, as a young man, with his contemporaries—then all unknown men—LONGFELLOW, LOWELL, HOLMES, EMERSON, DWIGHT, BUFFUM, HEDGE, CLARKE, and others. EMERSON, he said, was chosen president, because all the others considered themselves his literary superiors, and LONGFELLOW was distinguished by generally wearing a red cravat, and sometimes a red waist-coat. The club broke up because some of the members insisted that discussions could not be sustained without supper.

—The Hon. JOHN D. LONG has been made president of the Pilgrim Society of Plymouth, Massachusetts.

—A monument to JAMES W. MARSHALL, the discoverer of gold in California, will be erected on his grave, that overlooks the town of Coloma, where he lived for more than thirty years. The place is not far from the site of SUTTER's mill, in the race of which the first specimens of gold were found. The monument will be of granite, and will cost $5000, the money having been voted by the last California Legislature.

—Mr. G. W. SMALLEY cables to the *Tribune* that London society has been thronging the fine-art galleries of Bond Street to behold its own portrait in the drawings which Mr. DU MAURIER has contributed to HARPER'S MAGAZINE. Mr. SMALLEY finds it "difficult to say where otherwise London society could find itself illustrated with such delicacy and truthfulness of perception."

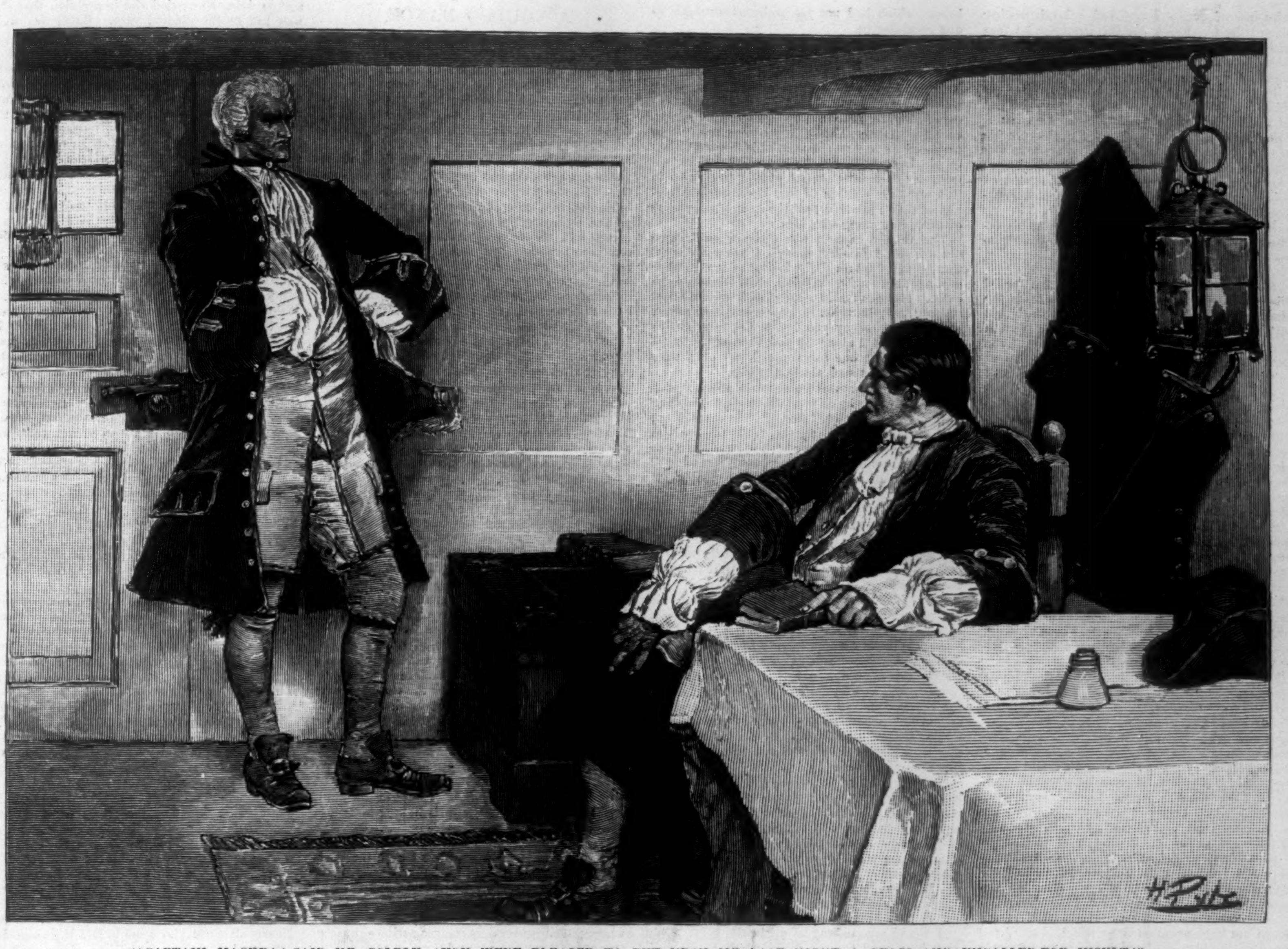
—It was assumed that the new American Minister to Turkey, Mr. OSCAR S. STRAUS, would not be officially presented to the Sultan during the thirty days of the great annual Mohammedan fast, the Ramadan. But as a mark of special favor and consideration the Sultan departed from his usual custom in such cases, and set apart Friday, June 17, as the date of Mr. STRAUS's official reception. The new Minister has had a most flattering reception from his colleagues of the diplomatic corps at Constantinople, and enters upon his duties with the cordial approval of the representatives of great missionary interests of the United States in the Ottoman Empire.



"Thistle." "Irex." "Genesta." "Foxhound." "Wendur."

THE START—THE "THISTLE" TAKING THE LEAD.

FOUR VIEWS OF THE YACHT "THISTLE."—From Photographs taken by Arthur H. Clark during her Maiden Race.—[See Page 459.]



"'CAPTAIN MACKRA,' SAID HE, COLDLY, 'YOU WERE PLEASED TO PUT UPON ME LAST NIGHT A GROSS AND UNCALLED-FOR INSULT.'"

THE ROSE OF PARADISE,*

Being a detailed account of certain adventures that happened to Captain John Mackra, in connection with the famous pirate Edward England, in the year 1720, off the Island of Jehanna, in the Mozambique Channel; writ by himself, and now for the first time published.

BY HOWARD PYLE.

V.—(*Continued.*)

MY first thought was of the jewel in my keeping, and that Captain Leach had made off with it. My cooler reason told me that this could not be, I having taken such effectual means to hide it, as before stated. Nevertheless I went to my cabin and examined my hiding-place to set my mind at rest, finding, as might be expected, that the jewel was safely there.

My first impulse was to tell Mr. Langely of my suspicions, but, in digesting the matter, it appeared to me best to keep them to myself for the present, for if I should, after all, prove wrong in my surmise, it would only add to the entanglement to have another involved in the business before anything certain had been discovered; moreover, should I observe sufficient cause for using extreme measures against Captain Leach, I might easily arrest him at any time, having him entirely in my power.

Having settled this matter to my own satisfaction, I determined to lie in wait for his return, and to discover how he himself would explain his absence. I surmised that he must have left the ship from the boat which was hanging to the davits astern, and on inspecting the matter, found that I was correct, and that a stout line, such as might easily bear the weight of a man, had been lashed to one of the falls, and hung to within a foot or two of the water. I was then well assured that Captain Leach must have clambered into the boat astern whilst I had gone forward, as told above, and had dropped thence into the canoe by means of the line just spoken of. The noise which I had heard I conceived to have been caused by his making a misstep, or by the canoe rising with the ground-swell more than he had expected.

Now if he left the ship in that manner, of which, according to my mind, there could be but little doubt, there was equal certainty that he would return by the same way; so I determined to lie in watch for him there, and to tax him with his absence so soon as he should come aboard. Accordingly I laid myself down in the boat astern as comfortably as I could contrive, and lighting my pipe, watched with all the patience I could command for the return of the fugitive.

I judge that I lay in that place for the space of two or three hours, and in all that time saw or heard nothing to arouse my suspicions, nor do I believe that I would have discovered anything had I not been watching at that very place, for so quiet was Captain Leach's return that I heard no sound of oars nor knew anything of it until I saw the line that hung at the davits moved from below by some one climbing aboard. I lay perfectly still and made no noise until he had clambered into the boat and stood within a few feet of me.

"Well, sir," says I, as quietly as I could speak, "and may I ask where you have been for all this long time?"

* Begun in HARPER'S WEEKLY No. 1590.

VI.

Had a pistol been fired beside his head he could not have started more violently, and I had thought that he would have been utterly dumfounded; but he recovered himself with a most amazing quickness.

"Why, Captain Mackra," says he, with a laugh, "and is it you that welcome me back again, like the prodigal that I am?"

"Sir," said I, very sternly, "you will be pleased to answer my question, for I tell you plain that I am in no humor for jesting upon this occasion."

"And why should I not jest?" says he; "the whole business is a jest from first to last. As all this coil has been made about a very simple piece of business, I am forced to tell what I had not intended to tell, and which I am surprised that a man of your feeling should urge another into declaring. A man of parts, sir, may find favor with dusky beauties as well as with white; nor can I see what more harm there may be in visiting a sweetheart here than at Gravesend, which I doubt not you yourself have done, and that more than once."

I confess that I was vastly struck aback at this reasonable answer, and began for a moment to misdoubt that my suspicions of the captain were correct. For a while I stood, not knowing what to say, when, of a sudden, certain circumstances struck me that Captain Leach's words had not explained.

"And why," said I, "at a time of such anxiety and uncertainty, did you not ask permission to leave the ship?"

"I should think," says he, "a man of delicacy would have no need to ask such a question as that."

"Then tell me this," I cried: "*why did you not direct your course toward the land instead of toward the open sea?*"

"Why," says he, laughing, and answering with the utmost readiness, "I thought of nothing at all but of getting away from the ship as fast as possible, seeing that some hasty fool aboard was blazing away at me with a pistol or musquetoon, and that if I had been picking my course at the time I might have wound up the business with an ounce of lead in my brains, instead of enjoying this pleasant conversation in such good health."

All this time we had been standing within a foot or two of one another, I looking him straight in the face, though I could see nothing of it in the darkness. For a moment or two I could make no answer, his words being so mightily plausible; and yet I did not believe a single one of them, for they ran so smoothly and glibly that I could not but feel convinced that he had them already sorted and arranged for just such an occasion as the present.

"Sir," said I, in a low voice, for I was afraid lest my indignation should get the better of me, "I tell you plain that, though your words are so smooth, I do not believe that which you tell me. Go to your cabin, sir, and let me tell you that if I see anything that may tend to confirm my suspicions of you, I will clap you in irons without waiting a second, and as sure as you are a living man."

"Captain Mackra," said he, in a voice as quiet as that I myself had used, "if ever I come safely to land, you shall answer to me for these words, sir."

"That as you please," said I; and thereupon turned and left the boat, entering my own cabin so soon as I had seen that Captain Leach had obeyed my orders by betaking himself to his.

I was not thus quickly to see the last of this part of the affair, for early the next morning, and before I had left my cabin, Mr. Langely comes to me with a message from Captain Leach to the effect that he would like to have a few words with me. I at once sent a return message that I would be pleased to see him at whatever time it might suit him to come. Accordingly in about five minutes he knocked upon the door of my cabin, and I bade him enter. I motioned him to a chair, but he only bowed and remained standing where he was, nigh to the door.

"Captain Mackra," said he, coldly, "you were pleased to put upon me last night a gross and uncalled-for insult. I cannot summon you to account for it at present, although I hope to do so in the future. But you may perceive, sir, that it will be best both for you and for myself that I should withdraw from this ship, and finish my passage to India, as the opportunity now offers, either in the *Greenwich* or the *Van Weiland*" (which was the name of the Ostend boat).

I was overjoyed at so propitious an opportunity of getting thus easily rid of my uncomfortable passenger. However, I think I showed nothing of this to him—I at least endeavored not to do so—and told him that a boat was at his service if he chose to look for another berth for the rest of the voyage. I myself went upon deck and had the gig lowered, into which Captain Leach presently stepped, having bid good-by to his fellow-passengers, and having said that he would send for his chest so soon as he had secured a berth in one or the other of the vessels mentioned. I gave directions to the boatswain, who was captain of the gig, to await Captain Leach's orders until he should indicate that he had no further use for the boat, and then saw him rowed away to the *Greenwich* with the most inexpressible pleasure.

The *Cassandra's* boat lay alongside of the *Greenwich* for maybe half an hour, at the end of which time I was surprised to see Captain Leach re-enter her, and direct his course to the Ostender, which lay a little distance beyond. He remained aboard of her for about the same length of time that he had staid with the *Greenwich*, after which he climbed the boat for a third time, and directed his course for the *Cassandra* again.

I was standing upon the quarter-deck when he came aboard, and he approached me with a countenance expressive of the utmost mortification and chagrin.

"Captain Mackra," said he, "I find that by a most unfortunate

sequence of events I can find a berth neither aboard the *Greenwich* nor the Ostender, so that nothing remains but for me to force my unwelcome presence upon you for the balance of the voyage."

I own that I was very much disappointed by these words. However, nothing remained but to put the best face possible upon the matter. "Sir," said I, as graciously as I could contrive to speak, although I am afraid that my tone was expressive of my disappointment, "it was at your own suggestion that you quitted the *Cassandra*, your berth, sir, is still ready for your occupation."

He said nothing farther, but indicating his acknowledgments with a bow, proceeded directly to his cabin.

VII.

As I was in such a ferment of spirit for all this time, and so fearful of an attack from the pirate craft, having continually in my mind not only the treasure, but also the helpless women intrusted to my keeping, it might occur to the reader to ask why I did not send both it and them to such a place of safety upon the land as the king's town offered to English people beset as we were. I may now say that I had considered it, and had perceived that more than one difficulty lay in the way. In the first place, I could not send the ship's boat to the king's town, because that in passing the cape to the northward they would come within a mile or less of the pirate craft, from which they might not hope to escape without molestation.

Secondly, I could not send them across the country, because it would require not only an escort such as could be ill spared at this juncture, but also an efficient leader, who might be spared even less readily. Besides this, I could not tell what dangers such a party might encounter, not only from natives, of whose disposition I knew nothing, but also from wild beasts, whom we could hear distinctly every night, howling in the jungles in a most melancholy, dreadful manner.

Thirdly and lastly, I did not believe the pirates would stay long where they were, as I knew very well the cowardly disposition of these cruel and bloody wretches; wherefore I hoped that, seeing how well we were posted to guard ourselves against an attack from them, they might take themselves away upon the first occasion, which they could not now do because of the calm weather. I furthermore argued that in any event, should occasion render it necessary, I could easily disembark my passengers with but little loss of time, and as easily and safely then as now.

Such had been the nature of my thoughts whenever I had directed them upon the melancholy and gloomy state of our affairs. Yet had the most sinister forebodings which I had entertained at those times been fulfilled, our misfortunes could not have equalled those which in truth fell upon us, the history of which I have immediately to tell.

Captain Leach's trip in search of a new berth had been undertaken so early in the morning that it was not yet noon when he had returned. Some little time after that, I being in my own cabin at the time, there came, of a sudden, a sound that was, as it were, the first muttering of the storm that was so soon to fall upon us. It was the dull and heavy boom of a single cannon, sounding from a great way off, and which I instantly knew had been fired aboard of the pirate craft.

I went straight upon the deck, where I found the weather still as dead a calm as it had been the two days before, with not so much as a breath of air stirring or a cat's-paw upon the water. The ground-swell rose and fell as smoothly as though the sea ran with oil instead of water, and the sky above had an appearance as of a solid sheet of steel blue, with not so much as one single cloud upon the whole face of it. But the first thing that I beheld was the pirate craft, and that they were hoisting sail as though they perceived a breeze coming, of which we saw nothing. Across her port bow the smoke of her gun still hung like a round white cloud just above the glassy surface of the sea.

"Sure she means to quit us, Mr. Langely," said I; but Mr. Langely never answered, for just as he opened his lips to speak, the lookout roared, "Sail ho!"

"Where away?" sang out Mr. White, who was officer of the deck at that time.

But before the word reached us I myself, and I suspect most of the others, had sighted the craft away to the southward, coming up under full sail, and with a breeze of which we could see nothing.

She was at that time not more than five or six miles distant, and just emerging from behind a raised thicket of scrub bushes, which had hidden her till now.

Presently, although the water around us was like glass, we could see a black line, like a fine thread, drawn along the edge of the horizon where the breeze was creeping toward us, though mightily slow. In about twenty minutes' time it had reached the pirate craft, and we could see her sails first flutter and then fill with the freshening breeze. Then she slowly went about and bore away toward the other craft, which had now come out beyond the capes and into the open water.

When within about pistol-shot of one another both vessels hove to, as though speaking. After watching them for some time in silence, "What do you think of it, Mr. Langely?" said I.

"It's her consort, sir," said he, very seriously.

"I do believe you are right," said I; "and that is why she has been waiting for all these days, keeping the door shut upon us so that we could not have gotten out if we had had a breeze."

I had hardly ended speaking when both vessels rounded to and bore down upon the harbor where we lay becalmed, though they made but little way because of the extreme lightness of the breeze, which had not yet gathered strength to any great degree.

I saw that they could not reach us in less than an hour's time, and though we could not hope to catch the wind in time to run out into open water, seeing the rate at which it was advancing was of such extreme slowness, we would yet have opportunity to put ourselves in some kind of posture for defence, although we were pretty well prepared as it was. Accordingly I gave orders to Mr. Langely to get the decks cleared for action, and then went aboard of the *Greenwich* to find what the captain of that craft intended doing, so that I might determine upon some course of procedure along with him.

The Ostend captain was there when I came aboard, and I fancied, though I knew not why, that he and Captain Kirby looked at one another in a mightily strange fashion when I entered the cabin. Besides that, I noticed with surprise that little or no preparation for action had been made.

"We'll stand by you," says Captain Kirby; "of course we'll stand by you, though you must know it is each one for himself, and devil take the hindmost, at such times as these."

I was mightily amazed and taken aback at this speech. "And why do you talk so about standing by me, Captain Kirby?" said I. "Is it not, then, that we stand by one another? Is my craft in greater peril than yours, or am I to be given up as a sacrifice to these wicked and bloody wretches?"

I thought he seemed mightily disturbed at this speech.

"In course," says he, "we'll stand by one another. All the same, each must look out for himself."

I regarded Captain Kirby for a while without speaking, and he seemed more than ever troubled at my gaze.

"Sir! sir!" I cried, "I must tell you that I do not understand this matter. Do you not mean to make a fight of it?"

At this he flew into a mighty fume. "How!" says he; "do you mean to question my courage? Do you call me a coward?"

"No, sir," says I; "I call you nothing; only I did not understand your speech. Sure, sir, you cannot but remember that I have three helpless women aboard my ship, and that it behooves you as a man and an Englishman to stand by me in this time of peril."

So saying, I left the cabin, but sadly troubled in spirit, for I could not understand the captain's tone, nor why, we all being in this trouble together, neither he nor the Ostend captain had said one single word about defence. However, I had great hopes that the pirates would not venture into the harbor, seeing that we were three vessels to their two, and in a chosen position into the bargain, whence we might hope to defend ourselves for a long time and to their undoing.

I found my passengers all in the great cabin and in a very serious mood when I returned, they having heard some rumor as to the danger that threatened. I stood for a while as though not knowing what to say, but at last I made shift to tell them how matters stood, and in what danger we were like to be; though I smoothed everything over as much as lay in my power. I think that our peril had been pretty well discussed amongst them before I confirmed it with that which I said. Nevertheless I am amazed even now at the coolness with which all hands took it.

Mistress Pamela, I may recollect, laid her hand lightly upon my arm. "Whatever our danger may be," she cried, "this we all know, that we could confide our safety to no truer sailor nor more gallant man than he who commands this ship." This she said before them all that were there standing.

At that time the nearest pirate craft was not more than two miles distant, though coming up slowly and with a very light breeze, which had not yet reached us, though the water around us was darkened by cat's-paws. I gave orders to Mr. Langely to have the women stowed below in the safest place possible, the male passengers to assist the surgeon if the need should arise. Meanwhile I got out warps, by means of which I hoped to come close to the *Greenwich* for our mutual defence.

The breeze being so close upon us, I hoisted sail, hoping by that means to take my station nigher to the *Greenwich*, which they seeing, and thinking, perhaps, that I intended to get away upon the wind, did likewise, whereupon I hailed her, but got no answer.

Just at that minute, and before I could hail again, she, being open to a breeze by a valley, filled and bore away, as did the Ostender, leaving me becalmed where I was. I ordered the gunner to fire across the bows of the *Greenwich*, and then hailed her several times, but got no answer; upon this I gave her a round shot, but whether to her harm or not I am not able to say.

Up to the last minute, as said above, I had doubted whether the pirates would dare to attack us, we being yet three to their two; but there could no longer be doubt upon that score, for they had run as boldly into the narrow channel as though no enemies were there to defend it, and, indeed, the *Greenwich* and the Ostender, bearing away, had left the passage entirely free to them. So it happened that by the time that the *Cassandra* could gain any fair advantage of the breeze, they were rather less than more than a mile distant.

The pirates paid no attention either to the *Greenwich* or to the Ostender. But the larger of the two crafts—which was the bark that had been keeping us cooped up for the two days past, fired a shot—as though calling upon us to surrender; then she hove to across the channel, so that there might be no chance of our getting away. Meantime the other craft, which was a large sloop of twenty guns and about a hundred and fifty or two hundred tons burthen, ran down upon us to engage us.

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

A VOUDOO DANCE.

There was nothing mysterious about it. The ceremony took place in broad day, at noon, in the upper chambers of a small frame house in a street just beyond Congo Square and the old Parish prison in New Orleans. It was an incantation rather than a dance—a curious mingling of African Voudoo rites with modern "spiritualism" and faith-cure.

The explanation of Voudooism (or Vaudouism) would require a chapter by itself. It is sufficient to say for the purpose of this paper that the barbaric rites of Voudooism originated with the Congo and Guinea negroes, were brought to San Domingo, and thence to Louisiana. In Hayti the sect is in full vigor, and its midnight orgies have reverted more and more to the barbaric original in the last twenty-five years. The wild dance and incantations are accompanied by sacrifice of animals and occasionally of infants, and with cannibalism, and scenes of most indecent license. In its origin it is serpent worship. The Voudoo signifies a being all-powerful on the earth, who is, or is represented by, a harmless species of serpent (*couleuvre*), and in this belief the sect perform rites in which the serpent is propitiated. In common parlance, the chief actor is called the Voudoo—if a man, the Voudoo King; if a woman, the Voudoo Queen. Some years ago Congo Square was the scene of the weird midnight rites of this sect, as unrestrained and barbarous as ever took place in the Congo country. All these semi-public performances have been suppressed, and all private assemblies for this worship are illegal, and broken up by the police when discovered. It is said in New Orleans that Voudooism is a thing of the past. But the superstition remains, and I believe that very few of the colored people in New Orleans are free from it—that is, free from it as a superstition. Those who repudiate it, have nothing to do with it, and regard it as only evil, still ascribe power to the Voudoo, to some ugly old woman or man, who is popularly believed to have occult power (as the Italians believe in the "evil-eye"), can cast a charm and put the victims under a spell, or by incantations relieve them from it. The power of the Voudoo is still feared by many who are too intelligent to believe in it intellectually. That persons are still Voudooed, probably few doubt; and that people are injured by charms secretly placed in their beds, or are bewitched in various ways, is common belief—more common than the Saxon notion that it is ill luck to see the new moon over the left shoulder.

Although very few white people in New Orleans have ever seen the performance I shall try to describe, and it is said that the police would break it up if they knew of it, it takes place every Wednesday at noon at the house where I saw it; and there are three or four other places in the city where the rites are celebrated, sometimes at night. Our admission was procured through a friend who had, I suppose, vouched for our good intentions.

We were received in the living-rooms of the house on the ground-floor, by the "doctor," a good-looking mulatto of middle age, clad in a white shirt with gold studs, linen pantaloons, and list slippers. He had the simple-minded shrewd look of a "healing medium." The interior was neat, though in some confusion; among the rude attempts at art on the walls was the worst chromo print of General Grant that was probably ever made. There were several negroes about the door, many in the rooms and in the back yard, and all had an air of expectation and mild excitement. After we had satisfied the scruples of the doctor, and signed our names in his register, we were invited to ascend by a narrow, crooked stairway in the rear. This led to a small landing where a dozen people might stand, and from this a door opened into a chamber perhaps fifteen feet by ten, where the rites were to take place; beyond this was a small bedroom. Around the sides of these rooms were benches and chairs, and the close quarters were already well filled.

The assembly was perfectly orderly, but a motley one, and the women largely outnumbered the men. There were coal-black negroes, porters, and stevedores, fat cooks, slender chamber-maids, all shades of complexion, yellow girls and comely quadroons, most of them in common servant attire, but some neatly dressed. And among them were, to my surprise, several white people.

On one side of the middle room where we sat was constructed a sort of buffet or bureau, used as an altar. On it stood an image of the Virgin Mary in painted plaster, about two feet high, flanked by lighted candles and a couple of cruets, with some other small objects. On a shelf below were two other candles, and on this shelf and the floor in front were various offerings to be used in the rites—plates of apples, grapes, bananas, oranges; dishes of sugar, of sugar-plums; a dish of powdered orris root, packages of candles, bottles of brandy and of water. Two other lighted candles stood on the floor, and in front an earthen bowl. The clear space in front for the dancer was not more than four or five feet square.

Some time was consumed in preparations, or in waiting for the worshippers to assemble. From conversation with those near me, I found that the doctor had a reputation for healing the diseased by virtue of his incantations, of removing "spells," of finding lost articles, of ministering to the troubles of lovers, and, in short, of doing very much what clairvoyants and healing mediums claim to do in what are called civilized communities. But failing to get a very intelligent account of the expected performance from the negro woman next me, I moved to the side of the altar and took a chair next a girl of perhaps twenty years old, whose complexion and features gave evidence that she was white. Still, finding her in that company, and there as a participant in the Voudoo rites, I concluded that I must be mistaken, and that she must have colored blood in her veins. Assuming the privilege of an inquirer, I asked her questions about the coming performance, and in doing so carried the impression that she was kin to the colored race. But I was soon convinced, from her manner and her replies, that she was pure white. She was a pretty, modest girl, very reticent, well-bred, polite, and civil. None of the colored people seemed to know who she was, but she said she had been there before. She told me, in course of the conversation, the name of the street where she lived (in the American part of the town), the private school at which she had been educated (one of the best in the city), and that she and her parents were Episcopalians. Whatever her trouble was, mental or physical, she was evidently infatuated with the notion that this Voudoo doctor could conjure it away, and said that she thought he had already been of service to her. She did not communicate her difficulties to him or speak to him, but she evidently had faith that he could discern what every one present needed, and minister to them. When I asked her if, with her education, she did not think that more good would come to her by confiding in known friends or in regular practitioners, she wearily said that she did not know. After the performance began, her intense interest in it, and the light in her eyes, were evidence of the deep hold the superstition had upon her nature. In coming to this place she had gone a step beyond the young ladies of her class who make a novena at St. Roch.

While we still waited, the doctor and two other colored men called me into the next chamber, and wanted to be assured that it was my own name I had written on the register, and that I had no unfriendly intentions in being present. Their doubts at rest, all was ready.

The doctor squatted on one side of the altar, and his wife, a stout woman of darker hue, on the other.

"*Commençons*," said the woman, in a low voice. All the colored people spoke French, and French only, to each other and in the ceremony.

The doctor nodded, bent over, and gave three sharp raps on the floor with a bit of wood. (This is the usual opening of Voudoo rites.) All the others rapped three times on the floor with their knuckles. Any one coming in to join the circle afterward, stooped and rapped three times. After a moment's silence, all kneeled and repeated together in French the Apostles' Creed, and still on their knees, they said two prayers to the Virgin Mary.

The colored woman at the side of the altar began a chant in a low, melodious voice. It was the weird and strange "Dansé Calinda." A tall negress, with a bright, good-natured face, entered the circle with the air of a chief performer, knelt, rapped the floor, laid an offering of candles before the altar, with a small bottle of brandy, seated herself beside the singer, and took up in a strong, sweet voice the bizarre rhythm of the song. Nearly all those who came in had laid some little offering before the altar. The chant grew, the single line was enunciated in stronger pulsations, and other voices joined in the wild refrain,

"Dansé Calinda, boudoum, boudoum!
Dansé Calinda, boudoum, boudoum!"

bodies swayed, the hands kept time in soft pat-patting, and the feet in muffled accentuation. The Voudoo arose, removed his slippers, seized a bottle of brandy, dashed some of the liquid on the floor on each side of the brown bowl as a libation, threw back his head and took a long pull at the bottle, and then began in the open space a slow measured dance, a rhythmical shuffle, with more movement of the hips than of the feet, backward and forward, round and round, but accelerating his movement as the time of the song quickened and the excitement rose in the room. The singing became wilder and more impassioned, a strange minor strain, full of savage pathos and longing, that made it almost impossible for the spectator not to join in the swing of its influence, while the dancer wrought himself up into the wild passion of a Cairene dervish. Without a moment ceasing his rhythmical steps and his extravagant gesticulation, he poured liquid into the basin, and dashing in brandy, ignited the fluid with a match. The liquid flamed up before the altar. He seized then a bunch of candles, plunged them into the bowl, held them up all flaming with the burning brandy, and, keeping his step to the maddening "Calinda," distributed them lighted to the devotees. In the same way he snatched up dishes of apples, grapes, bananas, oranges, deluged them with burning brandy, and tossed them about the room to the eager and excited crowd. His hands were aflame, his clothes seemed to be on fire; he held the burning dishes close to his breast, apparently inhaling the flame, closing his eyes and swaying his head backward and forward in an ecstasy, the hips advancing and receding, the feet still shuffling to the barbaric measure.

Every moment his own excitement and that of the audience increased. The floor was covered with the débris of the sacrifice—broken candy, crushed sugar-plums, scattered grapes—and all more or less in flame. The wild dancer was dancing in fire! In the height of his frenzy he grasped a large plate filled with lump-sugar. That was set on fire. He held the burning mass to his breast, he swung it round, and finally, with his hand extended under the bottom of the plate (the plate only adhering to his hand by the rapidity of his circular motion), he spun around like a dancing dervish, his eyes shut, the perspiration pouring in streams from his face, in a frenzy. The flaming sugar scattered about the floor, and the devotees scrambled for it. In intervals of the dance, though the singing went on, the various offerings which had been conjured were passed around—bits of sugar and fruit and orris powder. That which fell to my share I gave to the young girl next me, whose eyes were blazing with excitement, though she had remained perfectly tranquil, and joined neither by voice or hands or feet in the excitement. She put the conjured sugar and fruit in her pocket, and seemed grateful to me for relinquishing it to her.

Before this point had been reached the chant had been changed for the wild *canga*, more rapid in movement than the *chanson africaine:*

"Eh! eh! Bomba, hen! heu!
Canga baño té
Canga moune dé lé
Canga do ki la
Canga li."

At intervals during the performance, when the charm had begun to work, the believers came forward into the open space, and knelt for "treatment." The singing, the dance, the wild incantation, went on uninterruptedly; but amid all his antics the dancer had an eye to business. The first group that knelt were four stalwart men, three of them white laborers. All of them, I presume, had some disease which they had faith the incantation would drive away. Each held a lighted candle in each hand. The doctor successively extinguished each candle by putting it in his mouth, and performed a number of antics of a saltatory sort. During his dancing and whirling he frequently filled his mouth with liquid, and discharged it in spray, exactly as a Chinese laundryman sprinkles his clothes, into the faces and on the heads of any man or woman within reach. Those so treated considered themselves specially favored. Having extinguished the candles of the suppliants, he scooped the liquid from the bowl, flaming or not as it might be, and with his hands vigorously scrubbed their faces and heads, as if he were shampooing them. While the victim was still sputtering and choking he seized him by the right hand, lifted him up, spun him round half a dozen times, and then sent him whirling.

This was substantially the treatment that all received who knelt in the circle, though sometimes it was more violent. Some of them were slapped smartly upon the back and the breast, and much knocked about. Occasionally a woman was whirled till she was dizzy, and perhaps swung about in his arms as if she had been a bundle of clothes. They all took it meekly and gratefully. One little girl of twelve, who had rickets, was banged about till it seemed as if every bone in her body would be broken. But the doctor had discrimination, even in his wildest moods. Some of the women were gently whirled, and the conjurer forbore either to spray them from his mouth or to shampoo them.

Nearly all those present knelt, and were whirled and shaken, and those who did not take this "cure" I suppose got the benefit of the incantation by carrying away some of the consecrated offerings. Occasionally a woman in the whirl would whisper something in the doctor's ear, and receive from him doubtless the counsel she needed. But generally the doctor made no inquiries of his patients, and they said nothing to him.

While the wild chanting, the rhythmic movement of hands and feet, the barbarous dance, and the fiery incantations were at their height, it was difficult to believe that we were in a civilized city of an enlightened republic. Nothing indecent occurred in word or gesture, but it was so wild and bizarre that one might easily imagine he was in Africa or in hell.

As I said, nearly all the participants were colored people; but in the height of the frenzy one white woman knelt and was sprayed and whirled with the others. She was a respectable married woman from the other side of Canal Street. I waited with some anxiety to see what my modest little neighbor would do. She had told me that she should look on and take no part. I hoped that the senseless antics, the mummery, the rough treatment, would disgust her. Toward the close of the séance, when the spells were all woven and the flames had subsided, the tall, good-natured negress motioned to me that it was my turn to advance into the circle and kneel. I excused myself. But the young girl was unable to resist longer. She went forward and knelt, with a candle in her hand. The conjurer was either touched by her youth and race, or he had spent his force. He gently lifted her by one hand, and gave her one turn around, and she came back to her seat.

The singing ceased. The doctor's wife passed round the hat for contributions, and the ceremony, which had lasted nearly an hour and a half, was over. The doctor retired exhausted with the violent exertions. As for the patients, I trust they were well cured of rheumatism, of fever, or whatever ill they had, and that the young ladies have either got husbands to their minds or have escaped faithless lovers. In the breaking up I had no opportunity to speak further to the interesting young white neophyte; but as I saw her resuming her hat and cloak in the adjoining room there was a strange excitement in her face, and in her eyes a light of triumph and faith. We came out by the back way, and through an alley made our escape into the sunny street and the air of the nineteenth century.

CHARLES DUDLEY WARNER.

BISHOP WILLIAM BACON STEVENS.

BISHOP WILLIAM BACON STEVENS, who died at Philadelphia on June 11, was born at Bath, Maine, on July 13, 1815. In early life he made a tour of the world. On his return he studied medicine, and he was a practising physician for five years in Savannah, Georgia. While thus engaged his mind was turned to theological subjects. He studied under Bishop ELLIOTT for orders in the Protestant Episcopal Church, and entered the ministry in 1844, finding his first charge at Athens, Georgia, where, later, he was chosen Professor of Literature, Oratory, and Moral Philosophy in the university. Emanuel Church in Athens was founded by him, and he was its Rector until his removal to St. Andrew's Church in Philadelphia. He was made Assistant Bishop of Pennsylvania in 1862, and became Bishop of that diocese on the death of Bishop ALONZO POTTER, in 1865. For six years Bishop STEVENS was in charge of the American episcopal churches in Europe, Bishop LITTLEJOHN succeeding him in this office in 1874.

Bishop STEVENS was a prominent leader of the Low-church party, and was strong in his advocacy of that party, and zealous in its support and propagation. He wrote a great deal, and has left a number of works which have not been published, among them a treatise on silk culture in Georgia, historical collections concerning the State of Georgia, and writings of a devotional and didactic nature. He attended the conference of Anglican bishops at Lambeth in 1878, and in the course of his stay in England preached, by invitation, in Westminster Abbey, St. Paul's and Canterbury cathedrals, and in the Royal Chapel, Savoy, London.

Upward of a year ago the health of Bishop STEVENS began to fail him, and Bishop WHITTAKER, of Nevada, was elected his assistant, with the right of succession. Dr. PHILLIPS BROOKS, of Boston, was at first chosen to this office, but he declined to accept it. Bishop STEVENS was a doctor of laws as well as a doctor of divinity and of medicine.

ROSWELL D. HITCHCOCK.

DR. ROSWELL DWIGHT HITCHCOCK, President of the Union Theological Seminary in New York city, died suddenly at his summer residence, South Somerset, near Fall River, Massachusetts, on the 17th instant. Two days before, he had delivered an oration at the dedication of the Durfee High School building, and contracted a cold, which resulted in peritonitis. He was born at East Machias, Maine, August 15, 1817, and was graduated at Amherst College in 1836. He then passed a year in teaching and in biblical study, after which he studied at the Andover Theological Seminary. He was appointed tutor in Amherst College in 1839, and held the position three years, when he returned to his original purpose of entering the Congregational ministry. After preaching for a time at Waterville, Maine, he became the pastor of the First Congregational Church at Exeter, New Hampshire, remaining until 1852, when he accepted the position of Professor of Natural and Revealed Religion at Bowdoin College. In 1855 he was invited to the Washburn Professorship of Church History in the Union Theological Seminary, and since that time his name has become conspicuously associated with biblical learning and theological discussion in New York. On leaving Bowdoin College, he received the degree of D.D. from that institution, and that of LL.D. was conferred upon him by Amherst College in 1873. He became President of the Union Theological Seminary in 1880. Dr. HITCHCOCK'S published works are quite numerous, and include the *Life of Edward Robinson* (1863), *Complete Analysis of the Bible* (1869), and *Socialism* (1879). In connection with Drs. SCHAFF and EDDY he published *Hymns and Songs of Praise*, and was associated with Dr. FRANCIS BROWN in translating and editing the *Teaching of Twelve Apostles*, 1884–5. He was also editor of religious and theological parts of *Johnson's Cyclopædia*, and at one time assistant editor of the *American Theological Review*. Dr. HITCHCOCK spent a year in Germany before entering upon his professorship at Bowdoin College, and visited Italy and Greece in 1866. He spent some time travelling in Egypt and Palestine in 1869–70, and in 1871 was president of the American Palestine Exploring Company. Dr. HITCHCOCK was not only known for his scholarship and theological erudition, but for his public spirit and keen interest in the affairs of the people. He displayed his earnestness and patriotism especially in the support of the Union cause during the war of the rebellion.

MARK HOPKINS.

THE venerable MARK HOPKINS, D.D., LL.D., so long and closely identified with the growth and prosperity of Williams College, died at Williamstown, Massachusetts, on the 17th inst. He was born at Stockbridge, Massachusetts, February 4, 1802, and was the eldest of three sons of ARCHIBALD and MARY CURTIS HOPKINS. He showed early evidence of unusual mental activity and strength of character, and after preparatory study in the academies at Lenox, Massachusetts, and Clinton, New York, entered the Sophomore class at Williams College in 1821. He was graduated three years later with the highest honors of his class, and soon after began the study of medicine at the Pittsfield Medical College. This study was interrupted by an appointment to a tutorship at Williams College, which was accepted. After retaining the position two years the young scholar resumed the study of medicine, and receiving his degree in 1829, entered upon the practice of his profession in the city of New York. Williams College, however, still kept an eye upon him, and in 1830 offered him the position of Professor of Rhetoric and Moral Philosophy, which he accepted. On the retirement of President GRIFFIN in 1836, Dr. HOPKINS, though then only thirty-four years of age, was chosen to succeed him. This rapid advancement was due to the recognition of his strong mental and moral traits, which not only qualified him in a remarkable degree for teaching, but especially fitted him for the care and oversight of the training of young men. He held the position of President of Williams College for thirty-six years, retiring from the responsibilities of that position in 1872, when he reached the age of seventy, but retaining the professorship of Moral and Intellectual Philosophy, in which he continued to exert a strong influence, as he had always done, upon those coming under his instruction. Sixty-two years of the long life of MARK HOPKINS were spent in Williams College as student, tutor, professor, and president, and to him it has owed much of its reputation for sound learning and wholesome discipline. Dr. HOPKINS wrote many essays and delivered many lectures outside of the college on moral and philosophical subjects, some of which have been published in collected form. The best known of his works are *Evidences of Christianity* (1849), *Moral Sciences* (1862), *The Law of Love, and Love as a Law* (1869), and *An Outline of the Study of Man* (1874). A volume of his baccalaureate sermons has been published under the title *Strength and Beauty*, and a volume of lectures delivered at Princeton on the *Scriptural Idea of Man* is now in press.

SOME OF THE HOHENZOLLERNS.

WHEN the subject of a marriage between the Crown Prince and Queen Victoria's eldest daughter was first broached, Bismarck was reported to have expressed his disapproval of the match in these terms, "It will spoil our handsome Hohenzollerns." The house of Hanover is a physically weak and undersized stock, while the Hohenzollerns are, as a rule, splendid specimens of humanity. Bismarck's fears were realized. All the Crown Prince's children, with the exception of Princess Charlotte, are commonplace in appearance. Princess Charlotte, who has a subdued likeness to the Princess of Wales, gave no promise of beauty in her early years. The Emperor is said to have jestingly remarked to her: "If I had known that you were going to turn out half so beautiful, I would not have married you off to Saxe-Meiningen. You might have caught a king!" Prince William, the oldest son, is short and slight; and although military training has given a certain hauteur to his bearing, he yet lacks the kingly dignity and impressive eyes of his equally small-sized ancestor Frederick the Great. One of his arms is unsymmetrical with the other—a deformity which is carefully concealed by the tailor's art. Although a contrast to his grandfather in appearance, he is singularly like him in mental characteristics, and if the liberal tendencies of his father do not forestall him in an intermediate reign, he will stoutly maintain all the royal prerogatives like the present Emperor, as he has already like him become the general favorite of the army.

Bismarck's vexation at the thought of introducing Hanoverian blood into the royal succession is but an expression of the pride which all Prussians feel in the splendid physical development of their line of kings. The Emperor William himself is every inch a Hohenzollern of the traditional type. He is considerably above the average height, and although age has bent his head, his figure has still an erect, military bearing. His thin gray whiskers, wrinkled brow, faded, almost sallow, complexion, the failing lustre in his quiet gray eyes, and the involuntary languor which creeps at times over his face, betray, while his activity and mental vigor are unable to conceal, the real condition of his strength. His face, as a whole, is ordinary. A reader of physiognomy would be inclined to credit the belief that in affairs of state he often retires behind the Chancellor. His commanding presence, however, is an outward sign of the dignity with which he conceals this fact from the world. Whether it is due to the traditional economy of the Hohenzollerns or to the strict military training from early youth, his palaces and general habits of life befit an officer rather than an emperor. He always appears in uniform, his business and his pleasures are ordered with military exactness, and he even sleeps on the same kind of camp-bedstead which he has used on his campaigns. It is amusing to hear the comments of peasant visitors to the palace when they are shown the royal bedroom. Their own feather-beds, they think, are more comfortable than the imperial couch. It is only in the gratification of his appetite that the Emperor allows the slightest relaxation of military discipline. His guests at dinner, however, do not all share the benefits of this indulgence, for, according to etiquette, the Emperor is served first, and as soon as he has finished the course is changed, often before those lowest in rank at the table have had time to partake; so many an officer anticipates a royal "feast" by dining first at some restaurant.

Visitors at the summer palace of Babelsberg, near Potsdam, have often wondered what the shrine-like frame on the Emperor's desk contains. No fee to the guides will open its doors. They conceal to all but the Emperor the likeness of Elise Radziwill. The Empress so far respects this first love of her husband that she often decks the shrine with flowers. When he was still the young Prince William of Prussia the Emperor fell desperately in love with the beautiful Elise. Unfortunately it was a statute in the royal family that none of its scions should marry except into a reigning house. Lawyers tried to prove that the Radziwills were descended from an old Polish dynasty as royal as the Hohenzollerns. It was proposed that Prince Augustus, an unmarried brother of the then king, should adopt Elise. But no legal quibbling could prove her of royal birth. Meanwhile Prince Charles, younger brother of the present Emperor, married a daughter of the Grand-duke of Weimar. The latter declared that if Prince William should insist upon marrying Elise, he would claim the throne for the issue of Prince Charles. It was only to prevent the possibility of a war of succession in Prussia that Prince William finally consented to forego the dictates of his love. Elise died soon afterward, and there were not a few sentimentalists who claimed that this was due to a broken heart. Next to the constancy of his love for the lost Elise, the most touching trait in the character of the aged ruler is his fidelity to the memory of his mother. Every year, on the 19th of July, the anniversary of Queen Louisa's death, he goes to the mausoleum in the quiet park of Charlottenburg, and there with his family holds silent communion with the dead. A long experience in the great capitals is not required to convince the visitor that the Emperor is the most popular monarch in Europe. Evidence of this is given upon every appearance of his in public, whether it is at the historic corner window of his palace, where knots of people gather daily to greet him, or whether it is in his afternoon drives, when the stray soldiers on the street line up to give the military salute, civilians raise their hats, and perhaps some lady in high society makes the profound court courtesy. Often a lady will be seen rushing up and laying a bouquet in the carriage, while the Emperor nods his pleasure at the attention.

C. W. MCILVAINE.

THE NEW BOAT-HOUSE OF THE STATEN ISLAND ATHLETIC CLUB.

LAST fall, just at the close of the boating season, a large tow swinging about in the Kill van Kull knocked the supports from underneath the old boat-house of the Staten Island Athletic Club at West New Brighton, and sent the house spinning down the river, until it stranded on the south shore of the island, and went to pieces. The house and its contents were a total wreck, and negotiations were at once entered into with the Pennsylvania Railroad Company, who owned the tow, to recover damages. The claim was settled a short time ago by the company, which compromised with the club for $11,000. Mr. E. A. SARGENT, of New York, was directed to furnish plans for a new boat-house, an illustration of which is given above. The house is one of the largest of its kind in the country, being eighty feet long and sixty feet wide, with a front elevation equal to its width. On the second floor are the committee, reception, and ladies' rooms, and a covered balcony forty feet wide runs the entire length of the house. Should occasion require it, the balcony can be converted into a closed room with very little trouble. Below, the dressing-rooms, with salt and fresh water baths, etc., are partitioned off, and the rest of the space is reserved for the keeping of the boats. The walls and ceilings are finished in hard polished wood. There is a float at each end of the house, so that there will be no danger of landing against the swift currents of the river. The exterior is fashioned after the Queen Anne style.

The club has started the season with fourteen boats having all the latest improvements—barges, shells, gigs, etc.—which are exclusive of those owned by members. A yachting department has been organized, with Mr. EBERHARD FABER as Commodore; and a canoe club is being discussed. Mr. WILLIAM C. ROWLAND is in charge of the boating department. The club will send representatives to the National Association of Oarsmen, and will enter in all open regattas, as well as contend for the championship of the Kill van Kull, which they now hold. To guard against any further accidents from roving tows, a huge bulkhead of spiles and stones has been built around the house.

The building will be finished about the first of July, and will be the handsomest structure of its kind in the vicinity. As the club places no restrictions upon the use of the boats, and any member may use them when he pleases, there is a probability of the yellow-and-black being the first in many races this year.

A VOUDOO DANCE.—DRAWN BY

BY JOHN DURKIN.—[SEE PAGE 454.]

TO LEO XIII.

The German tyrant plays thee for his game,
The Italian coops, the Frank gives little rest;
And o'er the broad sea dost thou think to tame
God's young plantation in the virgin West?
Three kingdoms did He sift to find the seed,
And sowed; then open threw the sea's wide door;
And millions came, used but to starve and bleed,
And built the great republic of the poor.
Remember Dover Strait, that shore from thee
Whole empires, hidden in the banked-up clouds
Of England's greatness. Of all lands are we,
But chiefly Northmen; still their might enshrouds
The fates; dream not their children of this sod
Cease to be freemen when they bow to God.

George E. Woodberry.

A SPANISH "VENDETTA."

As you leave Los Arcos by the Muez road you will notice on the right a low stone structure that stands alone nearly two hundred yards beyond the last inhabited houses of the town. In itself the building does not differ materially from the common type of house that you meet in the Ebro Valley. Like the rest, it is built of the striped red sandstone of the country, and roofed with irregular tiles of a dull red color. Like the rest, its façade is pock-marked with bullet holes, and spotted with shallow rough-edged circles, blackened in the centre, and left there by some impotent cannon-ball, a few of which are still lying in the gutter at its foot. Above the doorway a pretentious coat of arms spreads its mutilated stone feathers and casts a grotesque shadow across the front wall, a few blocks of which have been slightly shifted from their symmetrical position.

One afternoon in March, within the conscious memory of boys of twenty, two men wearing the peasant dress of the country were standing in the doorway of the little house, and smoking silently as they leaned against the posts. It was late, and the villagers were returning from the fields in small groups. As they passed many of the men nodded a short "good-evening" to Sallusteano Ycasa and his brother Julio, wondering what the two surly and unpopular brothers might be doing here so late. In this primitive district, however, impertinent questions were often answered by a knife-cut, and the passers-by contented themselves with wondering inwardly and answering the question themselves as suited their individual fancy. It was no business of theirs, and as they were practical people they continued to discuss the morrow's work without alluding to the cause of their curiosity.

A few minutes after the last of them had disappeared behind the houses Julio threw himself away from the wall with a twist of his shoulders, and turning to his brother, said, "He has not passed."

"He has not passed," the other answered, sententiously; and flinging away the stump of his cigarette, he looked meditatively at the little smoking cylinder of tobacco which had rolled out of the paper and lay in the middle of the road. Then he examined his nicotine-stained fingers, and rubbed them against the sandstone wall; but as the brown stain did not yield so easily, Sallusteano shrugged his shoulders, and began pulling at the handle of his knife, after the fashion of a man who has something to do and is hesitating before setting to work.

"Well," said Julio, looking at him interrogatively, "are we going?"

Sallusteano loosened his wine-skin, and, holding it out at arm's-length, he let a thin stream of the purple liquid spurt into his mouth, shivering slightly as he swallowed it. Then crossing himself quickly, he sprang out into the middle of the road, and called to his brother, "*Vamonos!*"

For half a mile, until they reached the top of the grade, neither of them spoke. Suddenly Julio stopped, and pointing to the approaching figure of a man, he called out, "See! that must be Juan José!"

"In truth," the other answered, "it is he; I know his walk. We will go a little farther."

As they went along each opened his ugly curved *navaja*, carefully adjusted the stop ring, and wound his *manta* several times around his left arm, leaving a flap that fell in front over his hand and concealed the knife, which he held by the blade, with the handle turned outward.

"This is a good place for a cross," the elder said, presently, as they came to a pile of stones by the roadside. "You take the left; I'll stay here; and mind you let me attack first. We must finish this to-day."

Meanwhile Juan José was approaching rapidly. He was a tall, lithe-looking fellow of twenty-four or five, with bold features and a graceful, strong figure. Sometimes, when Frascuelo or Lagartijo came to this part of the province with their *cuadrilla*, and one of these had been wounded, Juan José officiated as *banderillero* or *picador*, and he now wore the latter's conventional side whiskers and smooth lip and chin. He was dressed in the Navarres peasant costume, but his brown velvet knee-breeches fitted close and smoothly, and the linen bag that bulged out of the opening at the knee was white and of finer material than was usually worn. His purple sash was also of fine flannel, and the blue and white *manta* slung over his shoulder was an unusually handsome one. On his feet he wore leather sandals, and above these, blue worsted gaiters that reached up to the knee. His head was uncovered, although he had the usual red handkerchief tied about his temples, and a wine-skin and knife hung from his belt.

As he was walking with his eyes on the ground he did not notice the Ycasas who were waiting for him, until, casually raising his head, he found himself nearly upon them. Notwithstanding his natural bravery, and the habit of looking danger straight in the face which he had acquired in the arena, his heart beat fast, and he could not repress a little cry of affright, on seeing himself suddenly confronted by these two men, to meet whom meant blood for any of his family. His bull-fighter's training, however, now stood him in good stead. Without awaiting their attack, he flung his useless *manta* aside, loosened his knife, and grasping the handle of his three-pronged hoe in both hands, he threw himself upon Sallusteano, who turned to run; the next moment his head was violently jerked back as the iron teeth crunched through his skull, his knees gave way, and he fell backward on the road with his legs bent under him, dead. Before Juan José could turn, Julio, with a low growl of rage, had thrust his dagger between his ribs; he had put all his strength into the blow, which fell somewhat sideways as the other turned, and the knife, widening the gash, was wrenched from his grasp. In the hope that his adversary would fall, he paused a moment; then seeing that Juan José had drawn his *navaja* too, he sprang at him with the howl of a wild animal, and clutched his throat as the other struck him squarely below the left arm. Both men fell together over the body that lay stiffening on the road, and for a few seconds, with their limbs interlocked, they writhed on the ground, panting and groaning. But soon their movements grew more feeble and slow. Juan José's hand dropped from the handle of the knife which he had savagely jerked back and forth in the open wound, his head rolled over sideways, and his left arm gave way under the weight of Julio's body, which crushed him to the ground. Once or twice his legs twitched convulsively while the strong, knotty fingers stiffened and tightened around his throat. Then all was quiet.

Several hours passed before he awoke. Day was breaking, and the cold damp air made him shiver. He felt a dull pain in his side, as if the numbness that paralyzed his other limbs were acting as an incomplete anæsthetic. He turned his head slightly, and as he distinguished a gray mass on the road beside him and recognized the body of Ycasa, all the incidents of the preceding day's fight and of the long feud which had existed between the two families came back to his memory. For a moment sensation seemed to be restored to his right hand, and he felt something crawl over his palm and pass through his fingers into the slimy mud which he was clutching. The skin felt stiff and hard, as if some glutinous fluid had dried there, and when he moved he felt the pricking of the imprisoned hairs. He realized that his arm must be covered with blood, and that he himself was dangerously wounded. Was his wound mortal? "Oh, my God, no!" he cried, mentally, as the thought filled him with anguish; not merely because it meant death to him, but because to all of his name it meant dishonor for many years to come.

He was the last grown Valdes, while one of the Ycasas still remained in Los Arcos to jeer at the women and children of his family. He made another abortive effort to rise, but the intense pain of his wound suddenly overcame him, and for a few minutes he lay still, quivering all over. "I *must* live! I *will* live!" he cried out, passionately, and began to pray to the Virgin. Then he felt more reassured, and lay quiet, watching the brightening light in the east, until a heavy stupor came over him and he became half unconscious. While he was lying thus it seemed to him that at times he heard the measured tramp of men marching in step; but it came and went, and he was too weary to raise his eyelids. "I could not see, anyhow," he said to himself; "Julio is lying across my breast."

Suddenly the weight that held him down was removed; he heard a voice say: "Those two are dead, and this one seems pretty far gone. What shall we do with him, corporal?" Juan José opened his eyes, and to his dismay saw six soldiers standing around him, while the non-commissioned officer was bending over and trying to cut open his shirt. In a moment he had forgotten the languor, the weakness, the pain—all save only that he was a prisoner, and would be sent to the galleys.

"Have pity, gentlemen," he pleaded. "It is a family feud. They are Ycasas; I am a Valdes, and the last man of them. Pass on your way without seeing us. Who will know it? Who saw you pass? You came by at night. Do not make me a prisoner, gentlemen; for the sake of God, for the love of the Virgin, leave me free! Kill me here rather than let me grow well there. Tomas Ycasa still lives, and you know— Ah, señores, pass on your way!"

The soldiers seemed undecided, and looked at one another inquiringly. Their sympathies were with the wounded man, and they would gladly not only have left him his liberty, but even borne him away to some safe place where he could recover in peace, and then come back to do his duty—for of course it was his duty to return and kill the remaining Ycasa. Finally one of them turned to the officer and asked, "Well, corporal, what shall we do?"

"Do?" he answered, gruffly. "Go to the town, and come back with three stretchers. Come, right about face, and march! No treason here, *por Dios!* Well, *compadre*," he continued, addressing the wounded man, "you don't like it, eh? I am sorry. I dare say the Valdeses are not better than the Ycasas, and yet I should like you to have a chance at that fellow Tomas, you have done so well on these two. But, *hombre que!* we can't all have our way in this world. That was said by some great writer before you or I were born, and therefore it must be true." And with these words he seated himself on the pile of stones, while the soldiers tramped off toward the town.

He was a small, spare man, with a wrinkled face, loose, straggling gray hair, and a yellowish imperial, which he constantly stroked while smoking. His little beady eyes, black as coals, and half hidden under his projecting eyebrows, moved quickly from side to side, and never rested on any one object longer than was necessary to see that it was all right. Tio Cucho, as he was called, had fought all over the world under many different flags, for the color of which he did not care as long as they led him into battle. He had fought with the Carlists in Spain, with the English before Sebastopol, with the French in Algiers, China, and Italy, with Maximilian in Mexico, and under the red flag of the Commune when peace had been signed with the Germans; he had been fortunate enough to escape when the Versaillais took Paris, and had since become quite famous for his daring exploits during the recent Carlist war. He had steadily refused promotion, saying that all he desired was the excitement of a battle, and that if they made him an officer he should have to learn to talk and forget to fight, and both these things were impossible. So at the age of fifty-four he was still a strolling corporal, ordered about from garrison to garrison, and infinitely preferring the rough life of the barracks to the comforts of a more peaceable existence.

He had picked up some sticks in the ditch and begun to whittle them down into small crosses, which he made very symmetrical and smooth. As both his hands were occupied, the smoke of the cigarette which he held between his projected lips filtered through his mustache, and collecting under his bunched eyebrows, caused him to draw up his little brown face into a grimace that changed with every movement he made. When he had finished the second cross, and compared it with the first to see that they were of a size, he looked up with a satisfied smile, drew his musket up between his legs, and fixed his eyes on Juan José.

"Well, young one," he began, "what have you got to say—eh? Shall I make a third cross for you, or do you think you'll get over that scratch in your side? You'll get over it, little one; you'll get over it in a month or so. And so you don't want to go to the galleys—eh? See that, now! He kills two men as if they were sucking pigs, and he don't think that's enough for the galleys! *Que! que!* these young ones!"

Notwithstanding the sarcastic tone in which he spoke, he looked at Juan José not unkindly; and with the quick perception of a sick man, the latter felt it.

"*Por Dios, señor comandante*," he said, endeavoring to please him by this flattery, "let me go. If I am killed, then it will not matter; and if I kill *him*, I swear to you that I will give myself up voluntarily. See! it was this way. It is thirteen years since my uncle Aciseto and Tomas Ycasa quarrelled on the market-place. The uncle had no arms; Tomas had been out hunting, and had his gun. He shot him down there on the plaza, and there was a fight between the two families. I remain alone—that is true—and all the Ycasas are gone save Tomas, the one who began the fighting. Give me time, señor—a month; not more. *Por Dios*, señor, do not say no; it will kill me if you say no. Think of the women and the dishonored name! Why should it matter to you? Ah! are you an Ycasa?"

"*Callate, hombre*—hold your tongue!" the old man interrupted, sharply. "No, I am no Ycasa—thank God for that! I know the story, and I know you too. Listen: you know *el Trabuco?*"

"If I know him! He is my sworn brother."

"Good. Be quiet, now. *El Trabuco* is my son."

"Gregorio your son! But that is impossible."

"*Will* you be quiet? The devil carry you off, I say!" Tio Cucho cried, angrily. Then softening down again, and speaking quickly as he heard the footsteps of the approaching soldiers: "I shall have you taken to Los Arcos, and when you are well you will be marched to Logroño. In passing through Viana you must stop at Trabuco's and get a glass of wine. I have known a glass to last all night, and in a night you can run down here, do the thing you have to do, and run back. Understand? Good; that's enough. What have you been about so long?" he growled, turning to the soldiers, with an oath. "You lazy lubbers! The devil take you all, you and your ancestors and your descendants, up and down. Now, then, don't stand there as if some one were picking the fleas off your carcasses, you worthless dogs! Put him on first. Gently there! don't you see his skin is cracked, and the boy's half dead? If he cries, I'll break your dogs' jaws. You hear me? Now off with him; go slow, and break step. Here, you; put these two up now, and hurry. You can't hurt them; they're carrion anyhow, dead or alive." And so growling and swearing, the little corporal led the procession up to the house where the Ycasas had waited the day before, gave orders to have their bodies taken up to the church, and at once went to hunt up Niña Mercedes, whom in days gone by he had taught to dress wounds and mix simples.

One morning, about a month later, the inhabitants of Los Arcos stood assembled before the town where the main street joins the broad Viana road. Juan José was going off to the galleys. The skill and pluck which he had shown in his recent encounter with the Ycasas had won him the admiration of many who hitherto had remained disinterested spectators of this bloody little family war, and all these had come to bid him good-by. In this country, where one man and his knife are usually considered the exact equivalent for another man with his knife, the slayer of two armed men was a curiosity of no little importance; and although it was a flagrant breach of their accepted code of honor to take any notice of a vanquished foe, Juan José's departure was so much more like that of a victorious hero that even Tomas had joined the crowd, and watched his natural enemy from a distance. There was so much evident satisfaction in the prisoner's face, so much self-assurance and simple pride in his bearing, that Tomas instinctively felt that all was not as it should be, and that he was not yet free from danger. Some of the older men were displeased with Juan José's behavior, and mourned over the falling off of virtue among the younger generation. But among the rest, especially among the women, admiration and pity were the only noticeable feelings.

It was time to go. Juan José walked slowly round the semicircle, shook the men silently by the hand, and kissed his kinswomen. Then he turned toward the two *carabineros*, who leaned on their muskets a hundred yards further down the road, with their backs to the crowd. They were personally responsible for their prisoner, but they knew what manner of man he was, and to prove their confidence had not only not cocked their muskets, but for the last half-hour had not even looked back to make sure that he was still within reach. Half-way between them and the crowd a girl stood alone in the road, waiting. As the prisoner came toward her she wiped away her tears quickly, and attempted to smile. Juan José took her head in both his hands, and looked down into her large soft eyes—softer now for the tears that stood in them; then he drew her gently to him and kissed her.

"Don't cry, Pepita dear," he said, trying to console her. "I shall come back to-night," he whispered in her ear.

The girl started, then leaned forward again, and said, sadly, "But not for me, Juan José!"

Half a minute passed thus, neither speaking. Pepita had forgotten all but that her head was on her lover's breast, and that she loved him. She would have remained thus forever.

But he could not forget that they were watched, and that it was time to end this scene. "*Vaya!* little one," he said, awkwardly; "I must say good-by—until to-night," and he gently kissed her hair and eyes.

For a moment she looked up at him with a dazed expression, and suddenly throwing her arms around his neck, she kissed him passionately on the mouth and pushed him away.

"*Pobrecita!*" he said, speaking to himself as he turned away. Half mechanically he took some tobacco from his pouch to roll a cigarette, which he lighted; then he quickened his step, joined the soldiers, and saying, "*Vamonos, amigos*," marched away with them down the road.

Late that afternoon they reached Viana, and went straight to the inn which Trabuco kept under the old town wall. When they entered, he was alone in the low smoky kitchen, lighted by a Roman lamp that hung from the vaulted ceiling, seated on one of the benches under the hood of the fireplace, and looking gloomily into the glimmering oak twigs on the hearth. At his feet a large greyhound lay asleep, with its nose between its outstretched paws, and a ragged-furred kitten was playing with the end of a string which he absently held between his fingers. In the next room a child was crying, and one could hear the shuffling of the mother's bare feet on the stone floor, and her plaintive, nasal lullaby.

Trabuco rose and came forward to meet the men, and bade them welcome to his house. He threw a fagot of oak branches on the fire, brought the jug of *anisado* from a table in the corner, and after drinking with the new-comers, ordered his wife to prepare some supper.

"Tio Cucho has been here," he said, presently, to Juan José. "Of course I am willing. He left money for the woman in case— How are the soldiers?"

"Good boys," the other answered. "With cards and brandy you can talk to them."

"Good! You know what to do; you must be back early. I will speak to them."

"As you say, Gregorio."

Trabuco turned, and went straight up to the soldiers, who were playing cards on the raised platform of the fireplace.

"See, friends," he began, in his deep, guttural voice, "I am Juan José's sworn brother. His head, or my head, it's all the same thing. You know he is a man; so am I. How should we have sworn brothership otherwise? Good! Juan José has forgotten something in Los Arcos—you know what—and he is going back there to-night. I shall stay with you. If he does not return, you can take me to Logroño. Who knows the difference there? They want a man; good! I am a man. Have you understood?"

The men were taken somewhat by surprise, and Trabuco's blunt proposition staggered them. At the same time they felt perfectly sure of him; he would remain even if something did happen to Juan José. Then he was not a man to be contradicted. Even if they had not heard of the many desperate things attributed to him, they would have been impressed by the concentrated energy of this small, powerful man, who looked as though he might have been the original of Velasquez's head of Æsop. Finally, however, Juan José was told that he might go. What Trabuco was doing for him seemed so perfectly natural that he never even thought of thanking him; and Trabuco expected no thanks.

About the middle of the night Juan José reached the first houses of Los Arcos, and sat down on a stone to rest. That he was about to commit a murder never occurred to him. He had a duty to perform quickly and perfectly. Just as on that night, a month ago, when he lay wounded on the Muez road, he had made up his mind that he must live, and had thrown his whole energy into merely living, so now his only thought was to kill Tomas, and in the shadow of the silent houses he crept toward the street where the Ycasas lived. Suddenly a figure ran out of a dark doorway, and before Juan José could start back he felt Pepita's arms around his neck.

"Not now, Pepita," he said, gruffly, as he pushed her aside. "I need all my strength. Wait a few minutes till I come back. Is he here?"

"No, Juan José," the girl answered, meekly. "He went to sleep at the inn near the church.

I think he is afraid. Then shall I wait under the Arcade?"

"Yes, little one. Now leave me quickly. It will not take long."

"God go with you, Juan José!" she cried after him as he turned back toward the plaza.

He found the inn door open as usual, and went in. At the foot of the staircase he removed his sandals, grasped his knife, and ran quickly up the two flights of stone stairs to the guest-room. This was a large hall occupying the whole front of the house, and divided into open stalls like a stable. At the upper end the shutters were thrown back, and the moonlight streamed in. The beds on this side were all vacant. At the lower end, which was imperfectly lighted by a suspension-lamp, several men were snoring. Juan José looked into two of the alcoves, and marking the riding-boots on the floor, he passed on, for Ycasa only wore sandals. The last alcove, larger than the others, was divided by a screen into two compartments, in the first of which a young stranger, with his head thrown far back and his right arm hanging over the bedside, lay fast asleep. Between the bolster and the bedclothes a small revolver had slipped from under the pillow, and lay ready for use by any one except the owner. Juan José smiled at the idea of trusting to such protection, and crept round the back of the bed into the other compartment, making the sign of the cross over the stranger's head as he passed.

In the second bed Tomas Ycasa was sleeping uneasily, as if dreaming. He lay on his back, with one arm under his head, and the blanket which had fallen aside left his breast uncovered. Juan José raised his knife, and marking the exact spot on the sleeper's breast, he struck quickly and drew back.

Ycasa half turned over on his side, and raised himself from the bed on his shoulders and feet, like a man bent by a sudden cramp. He made one or two quick turns from side to side, then lay back again, quivering all over like a frightened bird, and extended his hands and feet slowly outward. A hoarse gurgling in his throat seemed to choke him; a little stream of blood appeared at each corner of his mouth and trickled down over his chin on to the sheet, and it was all over.

In spite of his exultation Juan José felt weak and faint. He flung open the shutter and looked out into the quiet street. The only sensation of which he was conscious was one of anger with himself for his pusillanimity, yet this anger was tempered with a certain sense of pride at having thus successfully ended the family duel in which the odds had been three to one against him. For some minutes he remained at the window holding his head in his hands, and breathing in the cold night air. Suddenly he remembered that Pepita was waiting, and he turned to go, but an irresistible fascination drew him back to the bedside of the man he had killed. Through the shutter he had just opened the moonlight fell full on the quiet body of Ycasa, whose wrinkled face looked greenish and ghastly. On the bright blade of the knife the first three letters of the motto "Viva España" were plainly legible, and the tapering curved handle threw a snake-like shadow over the tumbled bedclothes. Juan José wondered whether he should not pull the knife out, but as he leaned forward he touched the blanket, and the snake-like shadow moved. A sudden fear seized him, and he ran quickly from the room, down the two flights of stairs, and out into the street.

He felt dazed and adrift, and for a moment he could not even remember why he was going toward the market-place. He was conscious of a deep craving for passion of some kind that should fill his heart. Pepita! For a moment he trembled all over; a sense of suffocation overcame him, and he clutched with both hands at the collar of his shirt, which he tore open. Then crying out, passionately, "*Pepita, Pepita, te quiero!*" he dashed down the street toward the plaza.

Early the next day, looking pale and tired, he arrived at Viana. A bluish stubble covered his lip and chin, to which the red dust of the road clung in patches, and his clothes were ragged and disordered. His eyes were unnaturally bright, and he shivered occasionally as with fever. Without speaking he raised the jug of *anisado* to his lips and took a deep draught.

"Here I am!" he said, abruptly, as he sat down on the bench beside Trabuco. The soldiers were still playing at cards before the fire, where they had passed the night. The greyhound rose, stretched out its hind-legs one after the other, and laying its nose on Juan José's knee, looked up wistfully into his face out of its sad brown eyes; and in an absent-minded way he stroked its head. Through the half-open door Trabuco's wife peered in at the prisoner, but did not dare enter the room. For some time no one said anything, and the soldiers pretended to continue their game. They all felt that Juan José should speak first; but as he sat silent, looking at the smouldering fire, Trabuco finally asked,

"Where is the knife?"

"In its place," Juan José answered, gloomily. He stretched himself wearily and yawned. Then, after another pull at the brandy jug, he said to the soldiers, "It is time to go."

They went out first, and Juan José stood irresolutely before the house, holding Trabuco's hand. "I am going," he said, presently, looking aside as if trying to avoid his friend's eyes. As the other made no answer, he repeated: "I am going, Trabuco. I shall not come back—I know it. Pepita remains alone."

"No," Gregorio answered. "The house is large; she can come here. It is not my sister now?"

"Good! Then you will see her soon? Tell her—" He paused a moment as if reflecting, then went on again: "No, don't tell her anything. I wish to die, Gregorio, and they will kill me, I know; but I should not wish to die that way. *Vaya, pues, amigo!* I must go."

"Good-by, then, little brother," Trabuco said, putting his hands on the other's shoulders, and looking at him affectionately. "God wills it thus. Perhaps we may see each other again, who knows? They would like to send me to Cadiz too, perhaps."

"Perhaps," the other acquiesced as he turned away and joined the soldiers who were waiting for him under the town gateway.

For some minutes Trabuco stood watching the three men as they descended the hill talking with animation. Presently he went into the house, took down his gun and cleaned it carefully. When he had finished he laid it on the seat beside him, filled his pipe and smoked silently for over an hour with his head in his hands. Then he jumped up as if he had come to some sudden conclusion, loaded his rifle, and whistled his dog.

The next morning the *Gaceta de Logroño* printed the following paragraph:

"DEATH OF THE FAMOUS MURDERER JUAN JOSÉ VALDES.

"At the moment of going to the press we receive the news that Juan José Valdes, of Los Arcos, who killed two men a few weeks ago, was shot last evening at dusk. He was being brought into town between two carabineros, whose attention he had so completely engaged by his stories of bull-fights that they neglected to watch the country through which the road passes. Suddenly they were startled by the near report of a gunshot, and Juan José fell to the ground shot through the forehead. It is evident that the shot was meant for one of the soldiers, and that God's providence alone frustrated an attempt to rescue this notorious criminal. We shall print the full details of his career in to-morrow's paper."

JOHN HEARD, JUN.

SENATOR CHANDLER.

HON. WILLIAM E. CHANDLER, who has been elected by the Legislature of New Hampshire to the United States Senate to fill the unexpired term of the late Senator AUSTIN F. PIKE, is a native of the State. Born at Concord, December 28, 1835, he chose the law for his profession, and studied at the Harvard Law School, where he graduated in 1855, receiving a prize for a competitive essay on a legal subject. Beginning the practice of his profession in his native State, he was appointed Reporter of the Supreme Court in 1859, and brought out five volumes of reports. He at once became active and conspicuous in politics; was sent during three successive years to the State Legislature, was Speaker of the House of Representatives in 1863 and 1864, and was also chairman of the Republican State Committee in those years and in 1865. Previously he had been secretary of the committee. In 1864 the Navy Department engaged him as special counsel to prosecute the Philadelphia Navy-yard frauds, and the following spring he became Solicitor and Judge Advocate General of the department. Later in the year he was made First Assistant Secretary of the Treasury, under Secretary MCCULLOCH, and held the office more than two years, resigning in the latter part of 1867. Then he practised law in Washington, being counsel for several important corporations, while holding a controlling interest in the *Monitor* and the *Statesman*, prominent Republican newspapers of Concord.

He was made secretary of the National Republican Committee in 1868, and so remained in 1872; and in 1876 he was one of the counsel for the HAYES Electors before the Florida Board of Canvassers. Afterward he assailed the Southern policy of the HAYES administration as one of surrender. In 1880 he was the leader of the BLAINE men from New Hampshire in the Republican National Convention, and was a member of the Republican Executive Committee in the ensuing canvass. President GARFIELD nominated him to be Solicitor-General, but the Senate rejected him. President ARTHUR made him Secretary of the Navy, and in this capacity he displayed much energy, although antagonizing many naval officers by his views and methods. His relations to the new steel fleet, and particularly the vessels built by Mr. ROACH, are well remembered. After the administration of Mr. ARTHUR came to end, Mr. CHANDLER supported his own acts as Secretary, and assailed those of his successor, both in the press and in public speeches. A strong and extreme partisan, an adroit and audacious political manager, a sturdy combatant, he will not be looked to for an increase either of the dulness or the decorum of the Senate.

MONUMENT DAY.

ON the 17th of June the memorial erected at New Haven to Union soldiers and sailors was unveiled and dedicated with elaborate and impressive ceremonies. The city, beautiful in its wealth of foliage and flowers at this season, was decorated with flags, shields, mottoes, and broad bands of bunting, alike on public and private buildings and on the platforms erected for viewing the parade. The *Richmond*, *Galena*, and *Yantic*, of the North Atlantic Squadron, had been ordered to New Haven, and their sailors and marines, several hundred strong, took part in the parade. Distinguished guests of the regular army and navy, as well as of the volunteer forces, were present, not least welcome among them being Major-General TERRY, whose old company, the Grays, received their former captain with special honors and an escort through the streets. The Grand Army of the Republic was, of course, conspicuous in the ceremonies, and its crippled veterans were duly cared for. From elderly members of the well-known Putnam Phalanx to the juvenile battalion of the Memorial Guard, which at intervals lustily sang "Red, White, and Blue," the drilled organizations of the city and the State were out in full numbers, most prominent among them being the entire Connecticut National Guard, which was concentrated at New Haven for the parade. The Yale students did not fail to share in the festivities of the day. Civilian organizations of various sorts and coming from various localities swelled the parade, and many public men of note were invited guests on Monument Day. One feature of the ceremonies was that of appointing local organizations in the School Division to represent distant States, the Orphans' Asylum, for example, representing North Carolina, and a score or more of little girls from the St. John's and Sacred Heart Church representing Maryland.

On the 16th, the day before the main ceremonies, the Grand Army of the Republic held a "camp fire," at which illustrious officers and ex-officers of the army and navy were present and spoke. On the 17th came the unveiling of the monument, the Chief Marshal for the day being General EDWIN S. GREELEY. The programme prescribed that as the escort appeared in sight of the monument a salute of seventeen guns should be fired from Indian Head. The dedication exercises took place at the summit of East Rock, where the monument stands. Their chief features were an opening address by President DWIGHT, of Yale; a prayer by Rev. Dr. HARWOOD; the unveiling of the monument by Grand Army men; an oration by the Rev. Dr. SMYTH; the presentation of the monument by the committee, through General S. E. MERWIN, to the town, and its acceptance by Selectman FELDMAN; the transfer of it from the town to the city by First Selectman REYNOLDS, and its acceptance by Mayor S. A. YORK; its decoration with flowers by the young ladies representing the States; the successive unfurling of the city flag by the Mayor, the State flag by the Governor, and the national flag by General FAIRCHILD, these events being numbered separately as 13, 14, and 15 on the programme. Patriotic singing by the Memorial Guard, and the hymn "This is the Day of the Lord" by the German societies, were interspersed, salutes from artillery on Snake Rock and from the war vessels in the harbor adding to the general accompaniment of the "Star-spangled Banner." The return march to the city closed the morning performances. A band concert in the afternoon, the ringing of bells and the firing of cannon at sunset, and fireworks at night were included in the programme of the festivities. The streets along the route were thronged with spectators.

The general character of the monument is indicated in the sketch published in the present number of the WEEKLY. Five steps lead to its base, whose faces are devoted to the military events of our history, with representative names of battles, "Shiloh, Gettysburg, Antietam," serving for the civil war, with its dates, "1881–1885," and "Bunker's Hill, Bennington, Yorktown," for the war of the Revolution, "1775–1783." Above come typical historical scenes, while four large emblematical figures are placed at the corners, and finally the shaft, pierced with windows or outlooks, and surmounted by the figure of Peace, with her wreath for the patriotic brave in the right hand, and the left hand pointing upward. The monument stands in "Merwin Square," of which each side is about 100 feet, enclosed by granite coping, while gravelled walks, called Foote, Gilbert, Winthrop, and Bissell, from prominent officers who fell during the war, lead up to it. Four other walks, Terry, Greeley, Peck, and Osborne, lead into these from the beautiful carriageways constructed by private liberality, Farnham Drive, which encircles the monument, and English Drive, leading to and from the Park.

ANOTHER ARMORY FOR NEW YORK CITY.

THE city is to be treated to another bit of picturesque art in stone and brick before long, in the shape of a new armory for the Twenty-second Regiment. As our illustration shows, the proposed structure will be a very fair reproduction, outwardly, of an old French château, but within it will be crowded with all manner of modern conveniences. Colonel GEORGE B. POST, the designer, has had a wide experience in planning all styles of large public buildings, and in this instance he has taken advice of National Guardsmen of long standing and judgment, with the happy result of getting rid of many of the most objectionable features of the present stereotyped style of armory. It is not to be a mere makeshift loft over a market or a stable, but an armory capable of defence if need be, and at all times a place of enjoyable resort.

The site of the new armory, which has been already selected and purchased, is bounded by Ninth Avenue, the Boulevard, Sixty-seventh and Sixty-eighth streets, and Broadway. The cost of the ground was $265,000, the guaranteed cost of building, $300,000, the whole proposed expenditure, $565,000, being covered by bonds issued on the authority of the Sinking-Fund Commissioners, on the recommendation of the sub-committee of the Armory Board. The building will be constructed of rough gray stone in the main, and will cover the entire block fronting Broadway. All materials, of every kind and description, are to be of the very best quality, and the entire plot is to be excavated to a sufficient depth to make the basement story ten feet eight inches high in the clear. The brickwork throughout is to be of the best quality of hard-burned North River bricks laid in cement mortar, while all stone walls are to be built of good sound building stone, with flat beds and tops, laid solid in cement mortar, with all joints well flushed, all to be substantially bonded with stones extending entirely through the walls. The foundation walls, piers, and caps must all be finished and prepared for receiving the iron framework of the roof over the drill-room on or before September 1 of the current year, and the whole work is to be entirely finished on or before August 15, 1888.

The drill-room will be unusually commodious and airy. It will measure 200 feet by 200 feet, and will be surmounted by an arched roof 96 feet high. Among the many attractive features will be three rifle ranges of fifteen targets (each range 250 feet in length), a large and well-equipped gymnasium, a library, and several other departments. Each department will have no stint of suitable accommodation assigned to it. Each company of the regiment will, besides, have a parlor or meeting-room on the second floor, and a locker and store-room in the basement.

Dr. W. F. DUNCAN, the chairman of the New Armory Committee, as well as Colonel JOHN T. CAMP, the officer commanding the regiment, are confident that the high military standing of the regiment, its excellence in drill, and its superiority in discipline, as well as its numerical strength and the general character of its membership, will certainly be improved and increased by the acquisition of this handsome new home. In the case of the Twelfth Regiment, it is noticeable that there has been something of a rush for membership in each company since the erection of their comfortable new armory at Ninth Avenue and Sixty-second Street, and the other regiments of the First Brigade are now more than ever anxious to have new places of rendezvous and resort prepared for them. They are, in fact, doing much to spread the conviction that public money spent in these comfortable modern castles of home defence is cash well invested, in securing to the city an assurance of freedom from serious internal troubles.

THE NEW COMPETITOR FOR THE "AMERICA'S" CUP.

THE Scotch cutter *Thistle*, a representation of which is given elsewhere, was built at Glasgow by D. W. HENDERSON & Co., from a design by Mr. G. L. WATSON, for Mr. JAMES BELL, who, it is understood, represents a syndicate of members of the Royal Clyde Yacht Club. It has been designed and constructed for the express purpose of coming to this country to sail for the *America's* Cup, Mr. YORK, the secretary of the Royal Clyde Club, having notified the New York Yacht Club last September of Mr. BELL'S intention to challenge for the Cup. The utmost secrecy was observed while the *Thistle* was in the course of construction as to her dimensions and model; and two gentlemen of this city, believing that a yacht small enough to come into the second class (according to the New York Yacht Club rule) would have a better chance of succeeding in the race for the Cup than a larger yacht—inasmuch as the best yachts in this country of that class were the *Gracie*, *Mischief*, and *Fannie*, vessels of a past generation—came to the conclusion that the new Scotch boat would come under seventy feet water-line, and each built a yacht of that length as a possible competitor for her. One of these yachts was the *Titania*, a steel sloop, and the other the *Shamrock*, a wooden boat, both of which, upon trial, have proved very speedy.

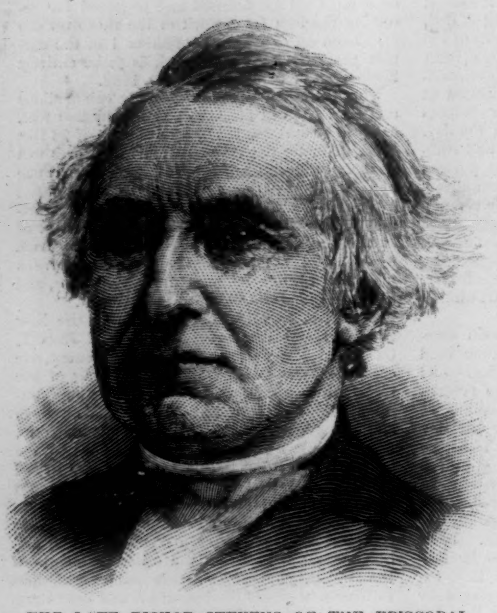
Meanwhile General PAINE, of Boston, a member of the New York Yacht Club and the owner of the sloop *Mayflower*, which defended the Cup successfully last year, determined to build a steel sloop a little larger than that vessel, and she is now nearly ready for launching at the yard of PUSEY, JONES, & Co. When launched she will be towed to Boston to receive her spars and rigging. There will thus be five vessels in this country from which to choose a competitor for the *Thistle* when she shall come for the Cup, viz, the *Mayflower*, *Puritan*, *Priscilla*, *Atlantic*, and the new steel sloop which has not yet been named.

In her trials thus far the new Scotch cutter has been very successful, and the utmost confidence is felt on the other side of the water that in her quest for the Cup she will be successful. In design she is radically different from the prevailing type of British cutter, having quite as much beam as would be given to a keel yacht of her length in this country, and nearly as much beam as the *Mayflower*, which is a centre-board yacht. The following comparison of the principal dimensions of the two yachts will be of interest:

	Mayflower. Ft.	In.	*Thistle.* Ft.	In.
Length over all..........	100	..	98	..
Length at water-line	85	..	85	..
Extreme beam...........	23	6	20	4
Depth..................	9	..	14	1

The increase in the beam of the new boat warranted her designer in giving her a much larger proportionate sail-spread than has been customary in British yachts, and experts who have followed the career of the new cutter in her recent races are of the opinion that Mr. WATSON has rather overdone the thing in the matter of canvas, and that her sail plan will have to be reduced. She has sailed seven races, and has won three first, one second, and one third prize, while in two races she did not get a place. On one of these races a thick fog prevailed, and it was simply a question of luck in finding the buoys. The other race where she failed to obtain a place was sailed June 4 in a match from the Nore to Dover, and in a squall off Margate, although she took in her topsail and housed her topmast—the *Irex* and *Genesta* meanwhile carrying through it with full sail—she could not even carry her lower sails effectively, and was badly beaten.

The fact seems to be that the seven races in which she has started have been sailed in exceptionally light weather—not a yacht in the fleet having to tie a reef down—and her enormous sail-spread has enabled her to make a splendid record; while had the wind been of reefing strength during those seven days, the *Thistle*, judging by her performance in the race of the fourth, would not have won a prize.

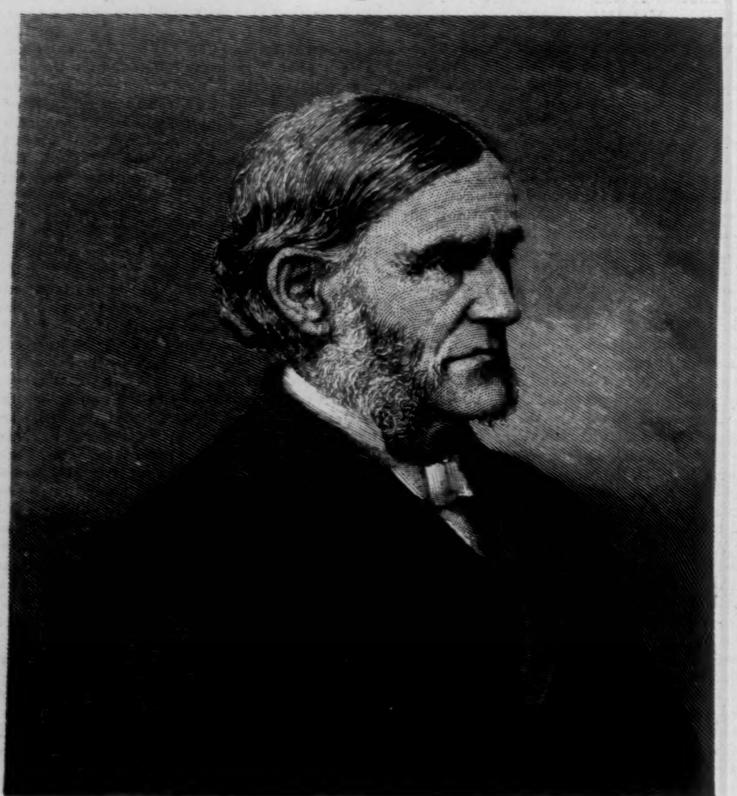


THE LATE BISHOP STEVENS, OF THE EPISCOPAL DIOCESE OF PENNSYLVANIA.—From a Photograph by Gutekunst, Philadelphia.—[See Page 455.]

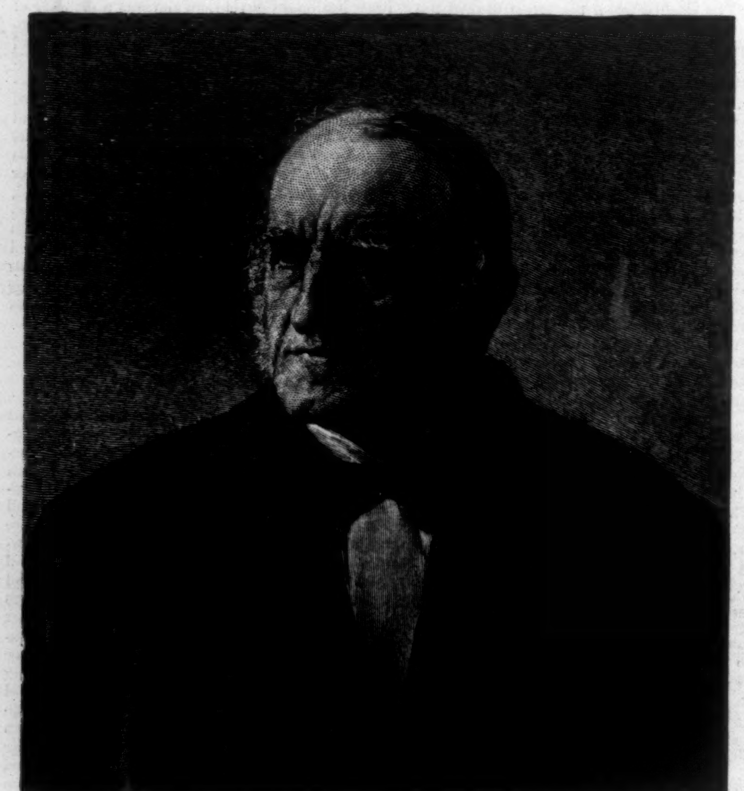
THE REV. E. WALPOLE WARREN, THE NEW RECTOR OF THE CHURCH OF THE HOLY TRINITY, NEW YORK. From a Photograph by Rockwood.—[See Page 462.]

HON. WILLIAM E. CHANDLER, SENATOR-ELECT FROM NEW HAMPSHIRE.—From a Photograph by Kimball, Concord.—[See Page 459.]

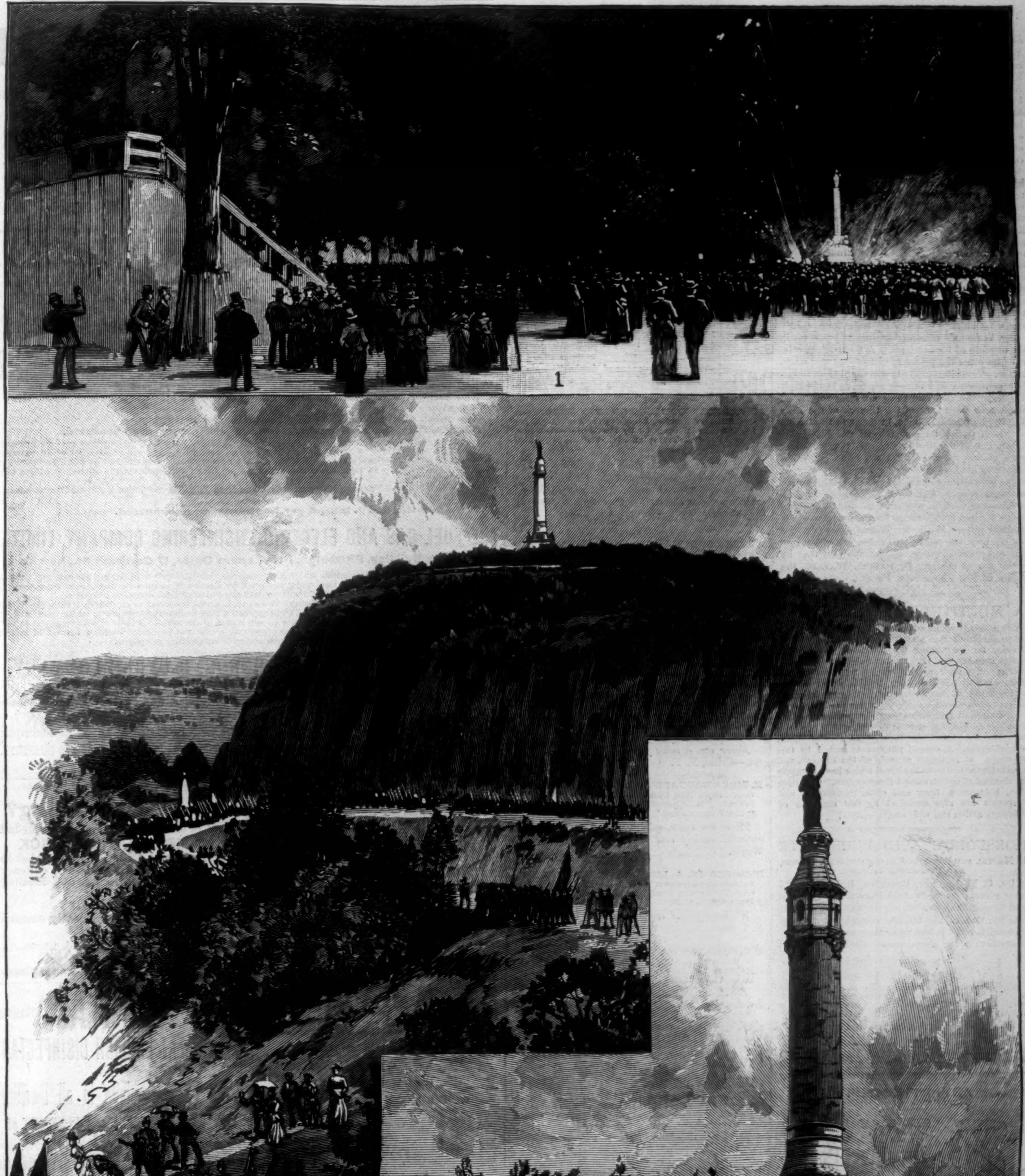
THE NEW ARMORY OF THE TWENTY-SECOND REGIMENT, N. G. S. N. Y.—[See Page 459.]



THE LATE REV. ROSWELL DWIGHT HITCHCOCK, D.D., PRESIDENT OF THE UNION THEOLOGICAL SEMINARY, NEW YORK.—From a Photograph by Bogardus.—[See Page 455.]



THE LATE REV. MARK HOPKINS, D.D., EX-PRESIDENT OF WILLIAMS COLLEGE. [See Page 455.]



DEDICATION OF THE SOLDIERS' AND SAILORS' MONUMENT ON EAST ROCK, NEW HAVEN, CONNECTICUT.—From Sketches by Charles Graham.—[See Page 459.]

1. Display of Fireworks. 2. The Monument. 3. The Procession ascending East Rock.

THE REV. E. WALPOLE WARREN.

The call of the Rev. Mr. Warren to the Church of the Holy Trinity brings to the people of New York a man who will doubtless prove himself not only a zealous pastor, but a warm-hearted citizen. Known only through his participation in the great Advent Mission of 1885, the public has much to learn of his character and manners which so won him to the congregation which has called him to be its rector; for during that mission he was so consecrated to the special services of the Church of the Holy Trinity that his voice was not heard outside its walls.

As a preacher Mr. Warren possesses rare qualifications. His sermons are extempore, but they never betray carelessness in preparation. Hence clearness of thought and utterance, conviction of the truth declared, and the freedom of looking into the faces of his hearers, give to his sermons peculiar power. His style is varied according to his text with a marked judiciousness, and is descriptive, colloquial, hortatory, or expository, as the theme demands. His profound knowledge of the Bible gives to him the great essential of the true preacher. There is a magnetism in his speech and look which attracts the interest of his congregation, and what he says is not likely to be forgotten.

Mr. Warren's manners are most important in the success of his ministry. A thorough gentleman, he owns the priceless gift of tact and adaptation. This characteristic will enable him to fulfil a great duty in a church where, as in the Holy Trinity, "the rich and the poor meet together." He is now the rector of the Church of the Holy Trinity, Lambeth, London, in order to the taking of which parish he surrendered a comfortable living, one of the best in England, that he might work among the poor. The deep and expressed sorrow of his London congregation at the thought of his separation from them is a sign of his worth among the poor. Coming as he does in the prime of life—not yet fifty years of age—the future field opens for him a wide range for the exercise of his singular gifts. While Mr. Warren's excellences are his own, the public will extend to him a cordial reception in recognition of the fact that he is the son of the late Dr. Samuel Warren, the author of *Ten Thousand a Year*.

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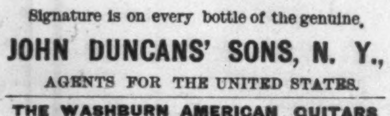

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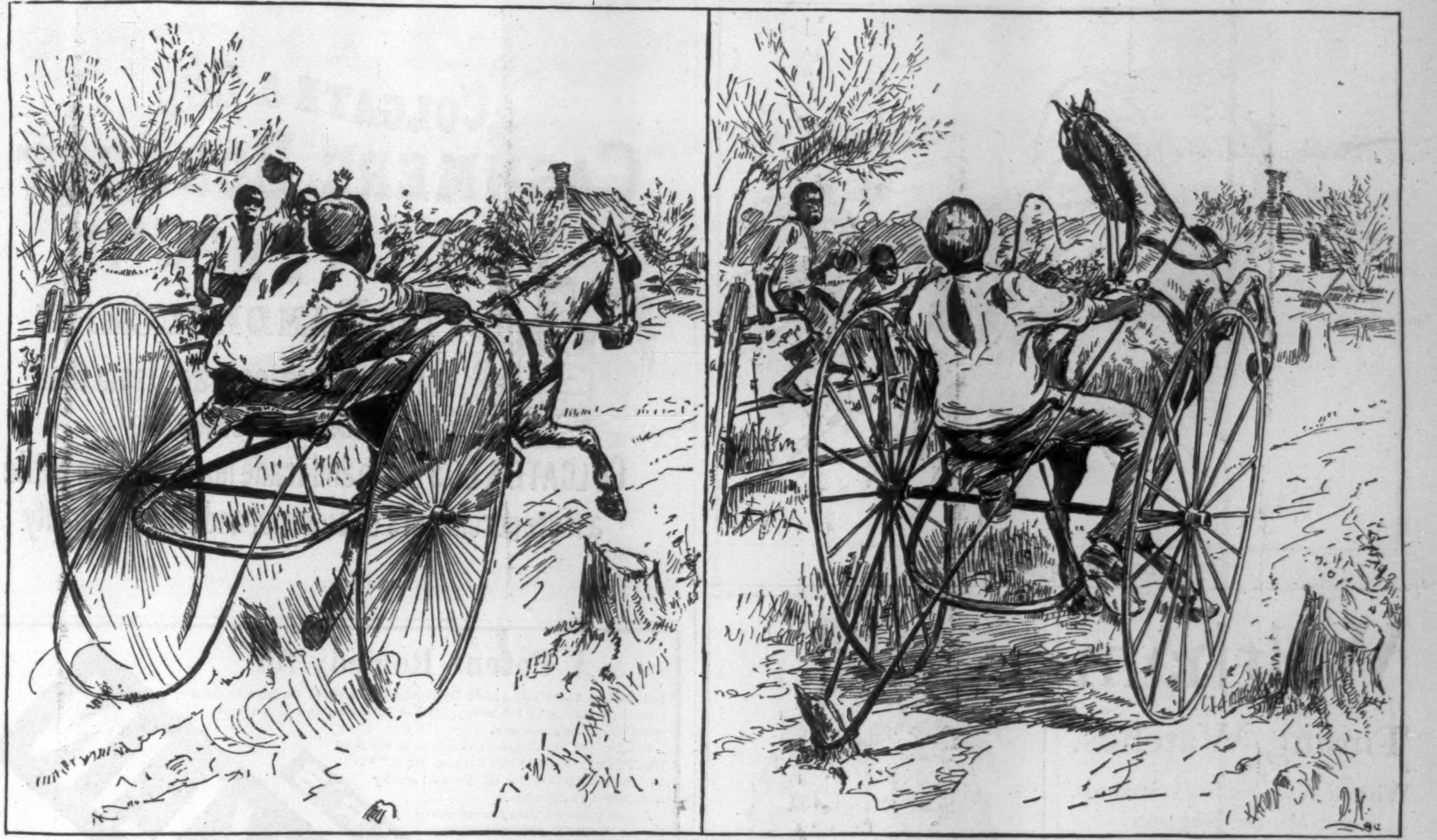

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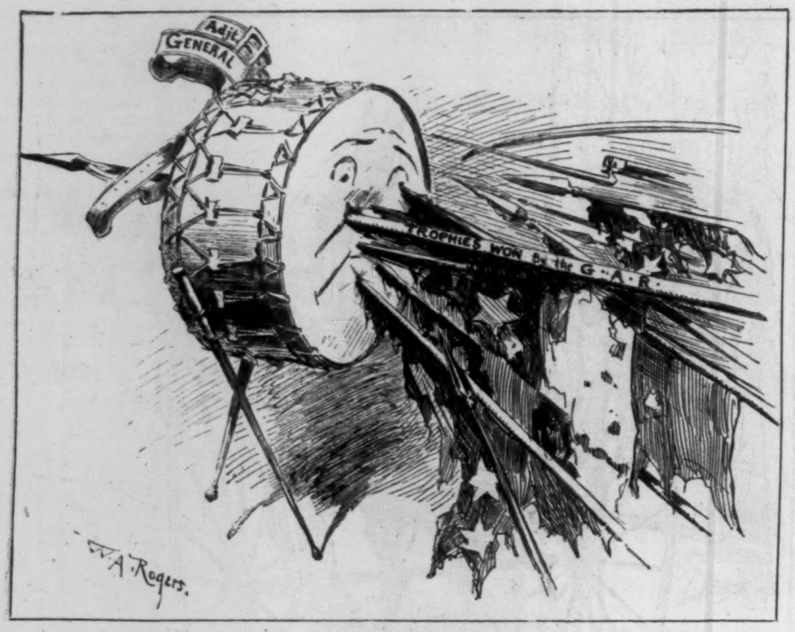

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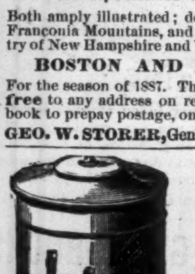

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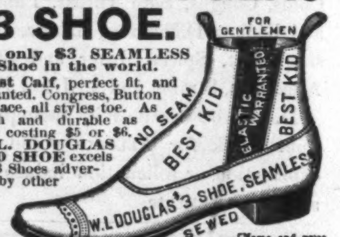

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